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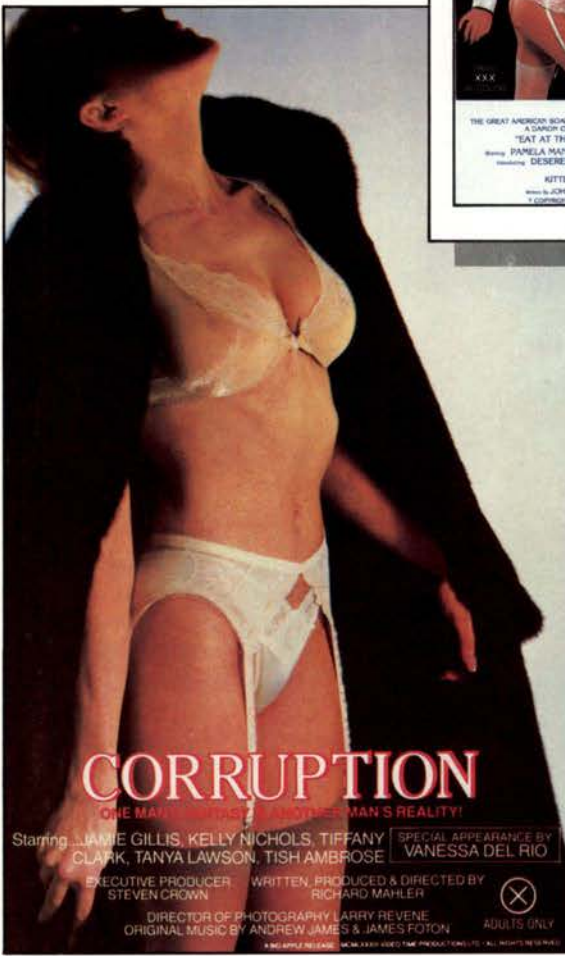
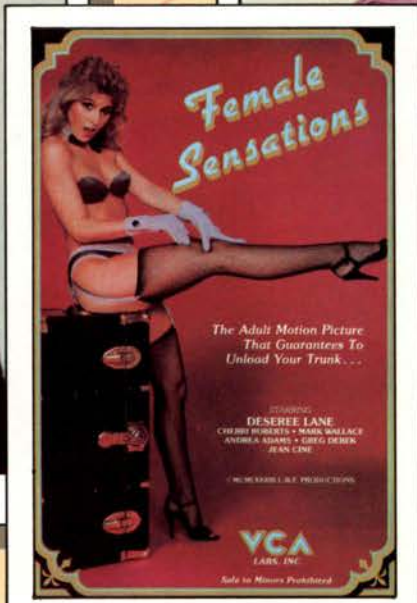
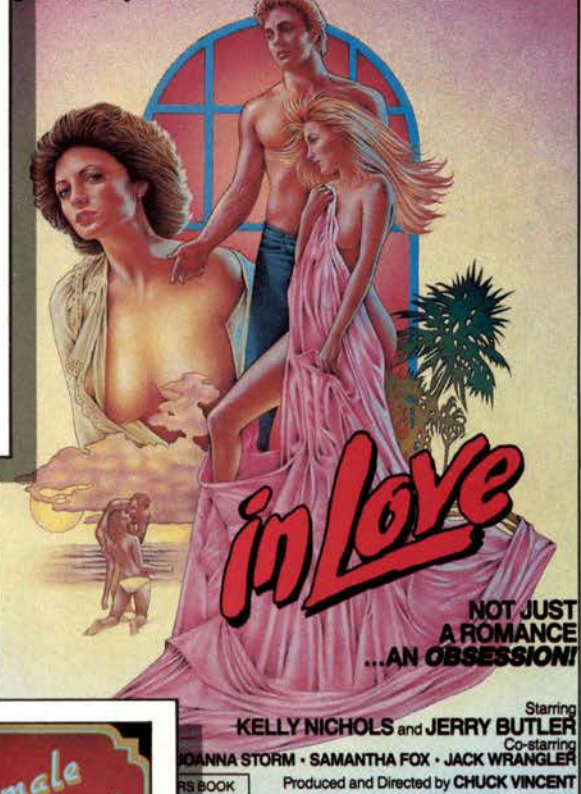
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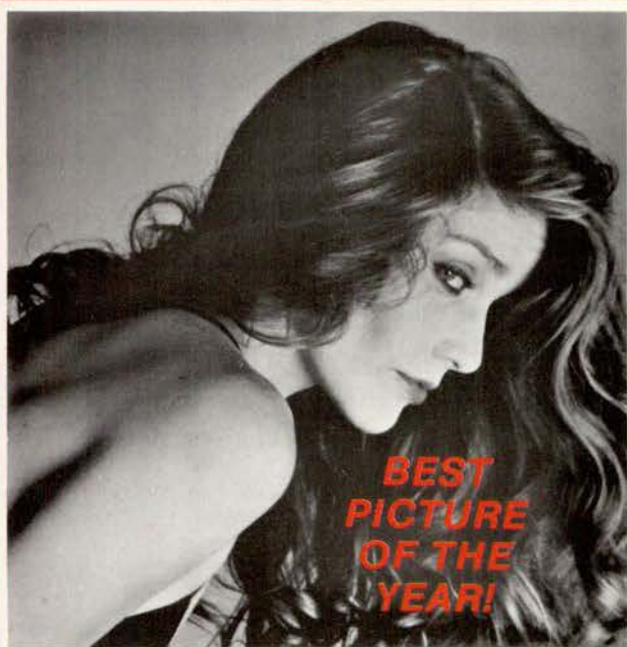
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The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1984 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

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On the Cover . . .

Director of Photography James Baes captured the Stars and Stripes in all of their glory for the cover of our gala, 10th Anniversary Issue. As for the lovely young lady, she can fly up our flagpole anytime.

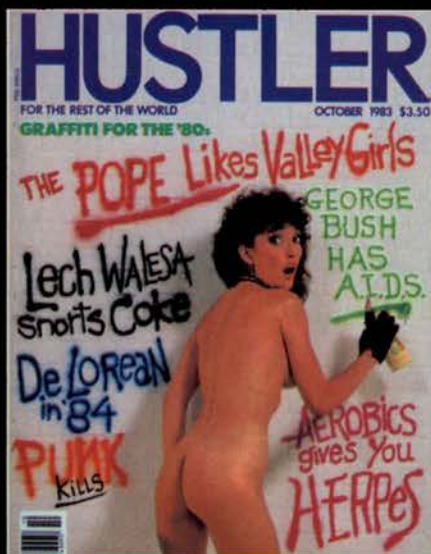
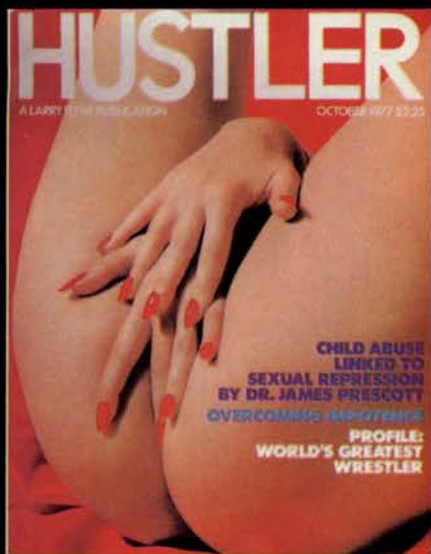
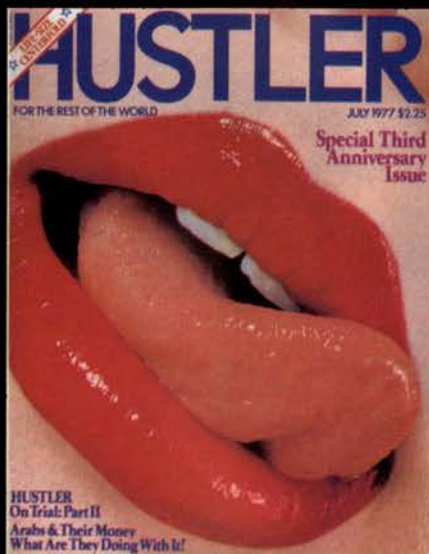
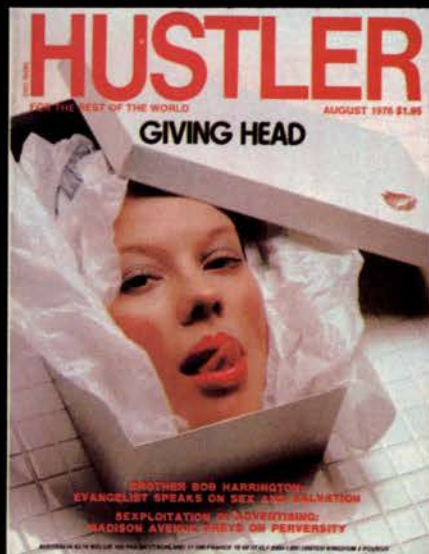
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TEN GREAT YEARS

Anyone can be a playboy and have a penthouse, but it takes a man to be a Hustler. With this philosophy in mind, we are launching the most sophisticated men's magazine of the century." That's the way I began my first *Publisher's Statement* exactly ten years ago, in July 1974. At the time I wrote those words, I wasn't much more than a country boy with big-city dreams. While I hoped for the best, I never imagined that HUSTLER would become the extraordinary success it is today. It is truly the only magazine that deals with the concerns and interests of the average American.

Many of you millions of loyal readers are probably aware that I'm currently serving time in a federal prison for expressing views about our system of government that I felt needed to be heard. However unjust my punishment may seem, I intend to take it like a man. What helps me get through the lonely days of sitting in my cell is thinking back over the first 120 issues of HUSTLER. I feel damned proud of what I've accomplished.

HUSTLER was the first nationally distributed magazine to show pink—and we still do that better than any of our so-called competitors. Our Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold broke new ground. So did our pregnant, 50-year-old and 300-pound centerfolds. HUSTLER's impressive Rogue's Gallery of nude celebrities has included Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Angie Dickinson, Adrienne Barbeau, Marilyn Monroe, Princess Caroline, Ursula Andress, Grace Jones, Suzanne Somers, Sylvester Stallone and dozens more.

But where's the beef? We can't just rely on top-notch erotic photography to sell the magazine. Off the top of my head I can think of hard-hitting investigative reports on the murders of John F. Kennedy, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X, along with probing exposés on child prostitution, nuclear-related deaths and disasters, America's homeless, censorship, suicide, poverty, world hunger, prison conditions, terrorism and the mistreatment of American Indians. Perhaps you also remember the following:

- ★ Our antismoking public-service ads, featuring photographs of diseased lungs that others were afraid to publish, have won numerous awards and have been used widely in antismoking campaigns—and we were willing to sacrifice millions of advertising dollars to print them because we felt we were right.

- ★ HUSTLER has never been afraid to shock people into thinking about what's happening in the world. No other publication would even touch the graphic photos we've published to dramatize the obscenity of war, the ravages of venereal disease and the horror of child abuse—the latter being accompanied by an eye-opening

report that has been reprinted and distributed to thousands of state, federal and local agencies.

- ★ One of my pet peeves has always been the use of children in pornography and the lowlife animals who prey upon them. Regular readers will recall my numerous editorials on the subject long before others got on the bandwagon.

- ★ Nobody else had the guts to say that Wayne Williams was wrongfully convicted of murdering young blacks in Atlanta. But now just about everyone is supporting our stand.

- ★ We were in the vanguard of those reporting on the bloody civil war in El Salvador. Our reporter John Sullivan paid the supreme price. He was silenced by one of the murderous death squads the Reagan Administration has long refused to acknowledge.

Six years ago I felt the searing pain of an assassin's bullets—but luckily I managed to survive. I have maintained that I was shot not because of the graphic photographs that appear in HUSTLER, but for our exposé on the killing of President Kennedy and our editorials championing the First Amendment rights of all Americans—which are increasingly being disregarded by judges, juries and elected officials.

Besides being shot, I've been spit upon, harassed by police and self-serving prosecutors, and threatened with every imaginable form of mayhem and sadistic torture during the ten years I've published HUSTLER. I've been called more names than you could shake a stick at. But I must be doing something right if I can judge by the millions of Americans who read HUSTLER every month and the positive feedback I get from so many of them. Neither I nor the editors of HUSTLER will ever forget that the readers are truly the lifeblood of this magazine.

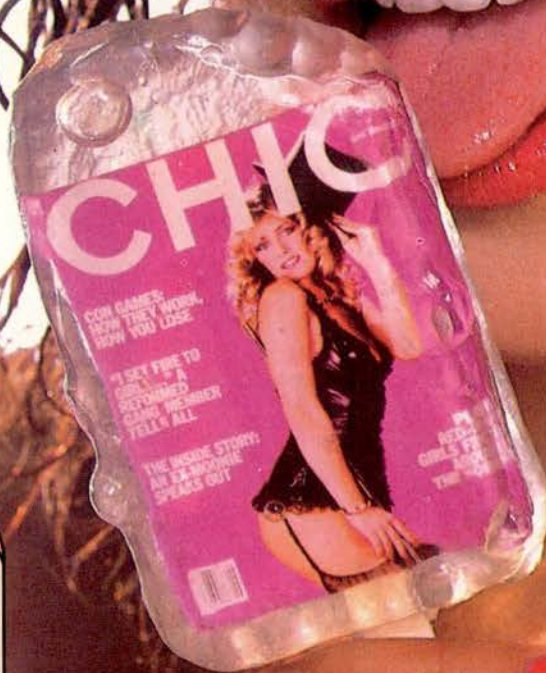
Undoubtedly, HUSTLER will continue to come under attack from the forces of repression that seek to curtail the rights of free speech and a free press so plainly guaranteed by our Founding Fathers. Rest assured that I intend to fight for those rights with every ounce of energy I can muster and with every last dime in my bank account. Having had this opportunity to look back, I know that I can still hold my head high and say, "The record shows I took the blows—and did it my way."

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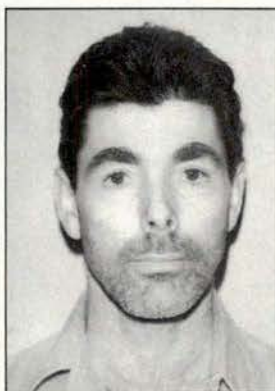
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Michael L. Kelly

This month marks HUSTLER's 10th Anniversary. But, since it's not our style to rest on the laurels of our glorious past, we've crammed this celebration issue full of the revealing reports, illuminating interviews and provocative pictorials on which we've built our reputation.

To begin with, in a behind-the-scenes profile titled **JESSE JACKSON: AT THE END OF HIS RAINBOW?**, veteran investigative reporters **CORKY JOHNSON** and **DON GOLDBERG** delve into the mystery surrounding the Reverend Jackson's dubious business dealings and questionable political connections to find out exactly what makes Jesse run. Johnson and Goldberg, both natives of Ohio, are currently employed as staff investigators specializing in military and political affairs for the famed syndicated columnist Jack Anderson. The illustration for this article was contributed by HUSTLER regular **REN WICKS**.

It's no longer true that nothing's sacred to a motorcycle-gang member except his honor. Lately another item's been added to the list—the almighty dollar! In **OUTLAW BIKERS: WHEELING AND DEALING** writer **MICHAEL L. KELLY** takes a hard look at a shocking new trend as bikers trade in their denims for three-piece suits and begin traveling down the road to becoming modern-day mobsters on wheels. Kelly, an avid motorcyclist himself, has written numerous short stories for *Supercycle* magazine and has also sold two made-for-TV movie scripts. **DAVID MANN** provided the illustration.

AN INTIMATE CONVERSATION WITH RON JEREMY & MAI LIN-HARD-CORE'S HOTTEST DUO is one of the most shocking, enlightening and amusing interviews ever to appear in HUSTLER. These two celebrities of sleaze let you in on their most exciting and off-the-wall porn-film experiences, their intimate offscreen encores and—believe it or not—their unfulfilled sexual fantasies! And who is better qualified to probe into their X-rated lives than HUSTLER Entertainment Editor **LONN M. FRIEND**?—who sees more porn films in a week than most healthy adults do in a lifetime and who has been hailed as one of America's most widely read and respected erotic-film critics. "I take my work as seriously as TV's Roger Ebert or Gene Siskel," says the affable native of Southern California. "In fact, the only difference between them and me is that those guys don't wear raincoats at screenings."

In this month's *Sex Play* you'll find an alarming discussion on **SEXUAL FASCISM**. Read how religious cult leaders such as the Reverend Sun Myung Moon have perfected the art of controlling their members' sexuality as a means of gaining absolute devotion. Author **JEFFREY RESSNER**, a former Associate Editor at HUSTLER, recently joined the staff of the *Hollywood Reporter*. For the companion illustration we called on artist **PAT DUNN**.

Words just can't describe this month's photo-fantasy, **MY RED AND WHITE ACRYLIC DREAM**, by **STEPHEN SAYADIAN**. Sayadian, the man who produced and directed the midnight-movie cult sensation *Café Flesh* (under the pseudonym Rinse Dream), refused to take all the credit for this month's bizarre journey into the realm of experimental porn. Fingering his accomplices, he began with the man behind the camera, **LADI VON JANSKY**. An actor in his native Austria before moving to the U.S., Ladi is now a Senior Photographer at HUSTLER, and his work has also appeared in *Vogue* and *Penthouse*. When asked about the photo-session, he quipped, "It was sheer pleasure working with Sayadian. After three divorces I've finally found my man." The costumes were created by **BELINDA WILLIAMS SAYADIAN**, who received a B.F.A in fashion design from the William Rainey Harper Art School. In addition to the costumes for *Café Flesh*, Belinda also designed Kurt Russell's outfit for *Escape From New York* and the costumes for the soon-to-be-released *Strangers in Paradise*. She tells us that the *Acrylic Dream's* Big Boy costume was especially challenging since she actually had to create the multipatched material in addition to designing the costume itself. Last but not most certainly not least, **SUE GREEN** did the makeup for this extraordinary fantasy.

After receiving her cosmetologist's license from the state of California, Sue went on to study theatrical makeup, winning awards for both Best Makeup in California and Best Makeup/International.

The best keeps getting better, and the staff at HUSTLER promises you that our *next* decade is going to be even more outrageous and provocative than the one before.



Lon M. Friend



Stephen Sayadian



Ren Wicks



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Feedback



GRENADA:

Your article *Our Man in Grenada: Searching for the Truth*, by Michael Bane (April '84), is by far one of the best to appear in your magazine in years. Our squadron was deployed to Grenada during the invasion, and Mr. Bane's revelations are to the tee—accurate. But the reason the report was so impressive is that it's actually just a description of the situation on the island and Mr. Bane's findings, not HUSTLER's usual "He screwed America's First Amendment" type of feature.

Except for some kind of hint of a Reagan-Castro conspiracy, your report was almost totally unbiased—to say the least, not a Flynt trend. Should more articles of this kind continue to appear in HUSTLER, the magazine would, dare I say, gain credibility.

—437th SPS

Charleston Air Force Base,
South Carolina

FANTASY FEEDBACK:

I'm writing to tell you how sad your "religious" cover (May '84) makes me. Perhaps you will earn your reputation or bring a flurry of publicity upon HUSTLER should any controversy be generated by your choice. Eye-catching? Yes. Shocking? Sure. Sacrilegious? To some. Distasteful? Depends. "You don't have to look at it," said the dealer at my newsstand. Selective vision isn't easy when one goes to buy a magazine. Children, of course, will view it. In their innocence they may not see its complex symbolism.

"Does it bother you, as a Christian?" I asked the news dealer in my Italian-Catholic neighborhood.

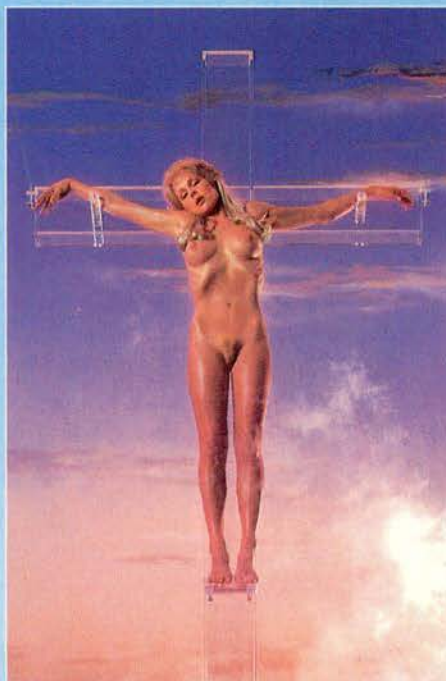
"Hey," he said, "a Jew did this cover."

I didn't bother to answer him. I fervently hoped a Jew had not. As a Russian-American Jewish-Christian, I particularly hoped not.

I wonder why I bother to write this letter. As a new convert to nondenominational

Christianity (roots in Judaism and branches in the Gospel), I take Christ's crucifixion/crucifixion (depending on how you see it) very seriously. The minister of a large Protestant church once dismissed skin magazines, saying that all the fantasies of all the prepubescent boys in the world didn't amount to the evil of one minute in the mind of a racist. I beg to differ. I can't take what you do lightly. I think it prevents communication between the sexes and is tied to people using each other rather than loving each other.

I wonder how you justify your work. I wonder whether this issue will cause more divisions between all the various religious persuasions who so much need to be brought into a state of tolerance and accord in our times. I think you're abusing your power. I believe that if one is not



Marjoe Gortner's Fantasy

part of the solution, one is part of the problem. I have a problem with your May cover. The Jews didn't kill Christ. It was individual people who spit on Him, who called for the release of Barabbas.

Individuals, in okaying this cover, have likewise chosen to mock the image of His sacrifice. You may argue how enlightened it was of you to put a blond nymphet on a Plexiglas cross. The holy and wonderful aspects of women have often been abused in publications like yours. You're trying to sell magazines. Maybe you will. In the movies, when people want to keep the vampires away, they hold up a cross. Maybe your cover will have the reverse effect, warning those people who cannot condone but must forgive you to beware. You have great power. I can only hope you'll use it to better ends in the future.

—B.K.A.

New York, New York

Today I received my May '84 issue of HUSTLER. It's shitty! As with *all* of your bullshit celebrity photo-fantasies, the Marjoe Gortner biblical vision is outright trash and has no purpose wasting the pages and centerfold of your once interesting and provocative magazine.

Jerry Falwell deserves every cut-down you dish out, but what do religion and a sex magazine have in common anyway?

The celebrity fantasy is a stupid idea, and they have gotten progressively worse since the first one in January '84. Who the fuck ever heard of Marjoe Gortner, and

who the fuck even cares what kind of turn-off fantasies he has? If I want to see something that makes my dick go limp, I can always read the front page of a daily newspaper or look at the February '84 cover of *HUSTLER*—the dog with a hard-on. And you claim to condemn sex with dogs. What hypocrites you are! The March '84 Al Goldstein pictorial was enough to make my dog puke.

Drop the celebrity bullshit and give us more of the beautiful nude women, couples and threesomes that nearly every one of your readers buys the magazine for.

I have read *HUSTLER* for years, and the 1984 issues have all been very disappointing. —Gregory A. Eickholt
Michigan City, Indiana

I just wanted to tell you that my husband and I have been reading *HUSTLER* for quite some time. We really enjoyed it until you printed the Al Goldstein photo-fantasy, *So Many Dykes . . . So Little Time* (March '84). That was the most disgusting piece of horseshit I have ever encountered! Jesus H. Christ, I always thought *HUSTLER* had some class, but evidently I was wrong. —Name Withheld by Request
Stockton, Kansas

GREEN WITH ENVY:

I am an avid *HUSTLER* reader. I get hours of pleasure fantasizing about the

hot cunts in the pictures until the pages are soaked and glued together with cum.

To my own surprise, something other than the women caught my attention in the March '84 issue. With no intention of sounding gay, I want to say that the GI in the *Camp Grenada* layout was spectacular. He was huge (though perhaps no record-breaker) and very well-formed. What I would give to be hung like that! If there is a "Perfect Pecker Award," this guy certainly deserves it.

Keep shooting photos of this GI—anyone with a tool like his deserves tons of exposure—and maybe tell his dimensions. I envy him, but I'm sure glad I don't have to compete with him. If he lived in my area, poor guys like me would have to do without pussy or resort to handjob.

Congratulations, GI. Use it well. —A.S.
Liberty, Kentucky

We're hoping the "GI" from Camp Grenada will appear in an upcoming volume of HUSTLER Video Magazine.

PERFECT ASS:

HUSTLER, you have really outdone yourself this time. Your April '84 centerfold (*Sweet 'n' Juicy*) was awesome. She had the most perfect butt of any woman I have seen. It made me crave to shove my nine-inch cock right up her ass. If you ever decide to do an anal-intercourse photo-

spread (and I hope you do), she would surely be the girl to use in the layout.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

NO MORE GRANNY:

I think it's about time for *HUSTLER* to run a survey in an upcoming issue to see what readers think of your new format. That way, maybe we could say goodbye forever to *Dear Granny* and bring back *Advise & Consent*. I mean, who the fuck needs a column filled with phony letters and stupid advice from a fictional, dried-up old bat? At least *Advise & Consent* was real and served a useful purpose. Maybe readers could also vote to keep Al Goldstein out of *HUSTLER*. That fat, disgusting Jewboy—the Rabbi of Rimjobs, as you call him—should be given a high colonic and sent on a ten-mile hike. He and his sheenie schwanz should stick to polluting the pages of *Screw*. —Ed IZgay
La Grange Park, Illinois

Granny is a real grandmother—not a dried-up old bat—who answers real letters submitted by our readers.

HONEY SLUT?

The transformation of *Honey Hooker* to "Honey Slut" makes me sick to my stomach! I used to think Honey was the most beautiful, sensuous, class A whore, but Gaetano Liberatore makes her out to be a sleazy scumbag who looks like a cheap Fourth Street cum-dump. Why couldn't you have left well enough alone? You've done went and ruined my favorite lady, and I'm pissed!

This is my first letter to *HUSTLER*, and by God, if you keep this shit up, it won't be my last!

—Terri L. Barton
Louisville, Kentucky

Mr. Liberatore is no longer painting Honey. Until we find an illustrator who meets our exacting requirements, she will not be appearing in the pages of HUSTLER. But this popular feature should be returning shortly.

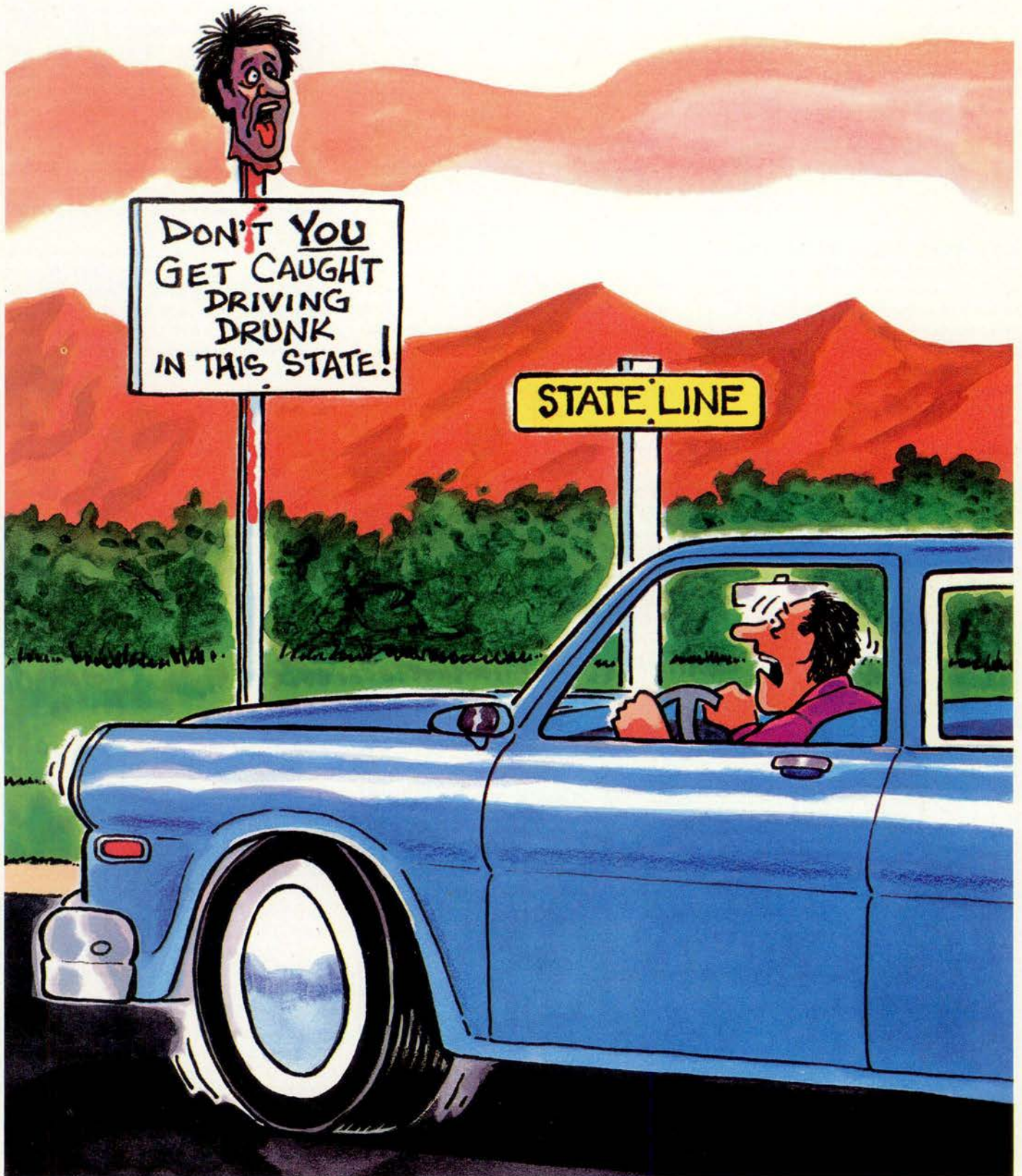
PHOTO SUGGESTIONS:

I really enjoy the pictures of nude women in your magazine. They turn me on, especially the centerfolds. The only complaint I have is that most of the women have their fingers stuck in their pussies and that you can't see all of their parts very clearly. Sometimes if the model is facing directly toward you, her fingers cover up the hole completely.

I'd like to see older women as centerfolds, like the 50-year-old you ran in October 1982. She was perfect. I'd also like it if you showed more couples screwing—and with the man actually penetrating the woman. Some of your pictures only show the man close to the lady's cunt. It would



DWAINETINSLEY.



really turn me on to pick up your magazine and see a man putting his penis inside a woman's pussy.

-Name Withheld by Request
Somner, Washington

I just wanted to let you know that there are a lot of different people who read and enjoy your magazine. You see, I am a black female who loves HUSTLER. My boyfriend buys it, and I read it when he's not around. I really like it when you show beautiful white cocks. I dream about all those stiff white poles fucking me in every hole I have.

But why don't you show more white guys with black women? That would be a real turn-on.

-Name and Address
Withheld by Request

CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS:

My man and I both enjoy reading your magazine very much. I wanted to get a subscription, but I noticed that you do not accept Canadian orders. Why not? I have a hard time finding a store that sells HUSTLER, and when I do, it's the International Edition.

-K. Lynne
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Canadian import laws restrict us from selling subscriptions to our readers north of the border. We regret that this is so, but perhaps if enough Canadian readers object, such repres-

sive legislation can be repealed. Write your local representatives and let them know how you feel on this subject.

CARTOON CRITIC:

I think that the cartoon on page 74 of the April '84 issue of HUSTLER should never have appeared in a magazine such as yours. It depicted Jesus on the cross, with a caption reading, "Actually, I was hoping to spend my Easter vacation in Fort Lauderdale. . . ." I think it is an insult to our Lord and Savior. If this were to be seen by Pope John Paul II or any clergy group, I am sure legal action would be taken. And tell Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley it's in poor taste.

-Don Phillips
Belleville, New Jersey

Poor taste is better than no taste at all.

-Dwaine Tinsley

COVER-PRICE CASUALTY:

Well, it looks as if inflation has finally hit us low-income people where it really hurts—at the local newsstand. I have been a loyal reader of HUSTLER for well over eight years now. My closet contains every issue I have purchased over the years. But they may be the only HUSTLERs I'll be able to read, as you've priced your magazine right out of my income range. I'll bet there are a lot of men just like me who no longer can afford your excellent

publication. You had the courage to bring out HUSTLER and give the American male a men's magazine—not like those other bullshit ones that promised us everything and gave us nothing.

HUSTLER has been, and always will be, an innovative, erotic, sensual piece of artwork. It is destined to be one of the best-read pages of American history. Too bad I must miss out because of the price. I wish my wife's pussy was as tight as money is in our home. She reads HUSTLER after I'm done—and enjoys it too. Alas, I must say farewell to my best friend. You were great in bed. To all the sexy women in *Beaver Hunt*: You were fantastic down to the last stroke. I enjoyed all that pink; it was the section I always turned to first 'cause you always turned me on. Keep the pictures cumming (ha-ha).

To you, Larry, keep up the good work. Don't let the Big Boys try to put HUSTLER down for the count. I may not have liked or agreed with everything in HUSTLER, but I do agree on one thing: It was my choice to purchase HUSTLER; nobody broke my arm. You provide a vital service to mankind. And I'll bet there are a lot of other men out there who feel the same way. Just because I read HUSTLER doesn't make me perverted. Nor have I ever thought about running out and raping some unsuspecting woman or teenage girl, the way every anti-HUSTLER person expects. What if they said the Bible was dirty? Would they be quick to get rid of it too?

So please keep HUSTLER on the stands and give your millions of readers a choice. The layouts are fantastic, *Bits and Pieces* is great, and *Dear Granny* gives some of the best answers I've ever heard. I read HUSTLER from cover to cover, at least I used to. So goodbye, good friend. You were great while you lasted. At least I still have my old issues to take into the bathroom with me. Keep the faith, Larry. Don't let some bunch of assholes take HUSTLER off the stands. There's millions of horny men out there playing one-handed solos in bathrooms all over America, just waiting for the next issue.

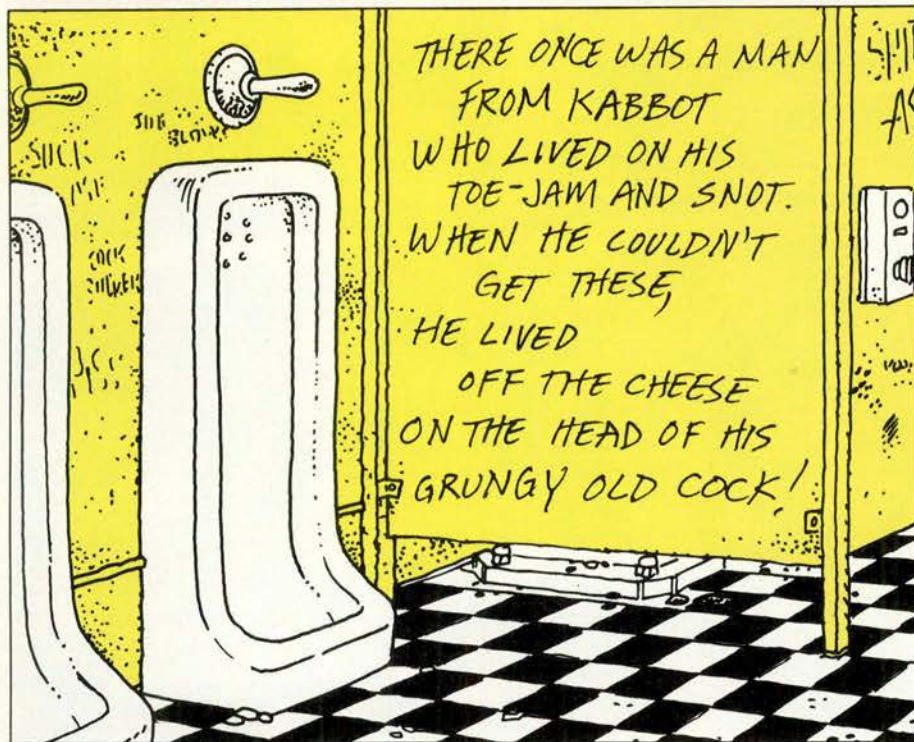
Maybe someday, old friend, I'll pick you up again and have a good time. But I doubt I'll be able to get the real thing.

-Robert D. Miller
Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania

Now that HUSTLER is back to \$3.95 a copy, Mr. Miller and other readers who found \$4.95 too much to pay for the world's greatest magazine will hopefully once again be buying HUSTLER.

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRAFFITILTHY



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WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

Capital News

Reagan Pals on the Take and Gary Hart's Marital Heartache by Larry Flynt

While the Nixon Administration is remembered as the most corrupt in recent history, the Reagan team is no slouch in the malfeasance department either. At last count, 40 of the President's men (and a few of the women) have found themselves involved in serious ethical problems.

The main offenders include Richard Allen, who resigned his job as national-security adviser 2½ years ago after ten C-notes were found in his White House safe. Allen said Japanese journalists had intended the money for Nancy Reagan, but he'd intercepted it and then forgotten about it.

Former Environmental Protection Agency administrator Anne Burford told executives of a gasoline refinery she wouldn't enforce lead-content regulations that the company was violating. Her assistant, Rita Lavelle, was convicted of lying to a House subcommittee and sentenced to six months in prison.

Joseph Canzeri, a deputy assistant to the President and friend of the Reagans, resigned after revelations that he'd double-



Sleazy dealings haunted Presidential adviser Edwin Meese.

billied on his expense account and received \$400,000 in loans at favorable rates from a California real-estate broker and Laurance Rockefeller.

William Casey is still CIA director, but it took the threat of a Senate resolution to convince him to put his many stock holdings into a blind trust, as most government officials do routinely. Former Veterans Administration boss Robert Nimmo was forced to repay the government \$6,441 for improper use of a chauffeur-driven car. He also spent more than \$54,000 to redecorate his office and sent his old furniture to his daughter, Commerce Department Public-Affairs Director Mary Nimmo.

Paul Thayer quit as deputy defense secre-



Often separated but together again, Lee and Gary Hart put up a solid front on the campaign trail.

tary after the Securities and Exchange Commission charged him with insider trading on the stock market in an alleged scheme that included a Texas girlfriend.

And Reagan adviser Ed Meese "forgot" to report on his financial-disclosure statement a \$15,000 interest-free loan to his wife from a California chum.

Democrats have decried such country-club cronyism on the part of an administration that regularly attacks welfare cheats and food-stamp recipients. But Ronald Reagan's personal popularity has apparently diffused what might otherwise be a scandalous situation.

* * *

The nation's capital is awash in rumors about the private life of 47-year-old Presidential hopeful Gary Hart, who separated twice from his wife of 25 years, Lee, prior to his decision to make a bid for the White House. The Harts first split in 1979 and then again for two years after he was reelected to the Senate from Colorado in 1980. Both times Hart dated women in Washington, but only when his Presidential embers began to glow with possibilities did anyone care.

When Hart and his wife first parted, he became roommates with *Washington Post* reporter Bob Woodward in the Watergate whistle-blower's posh, \$500,000 Georgetown mansion. While both men share a passion for privacy, they also have similar tastes in the women they date: younger, buxom types who are relatively quiet and low-profile.

"Gary and I have never stopped loving one another," Lee Hart maintains. But her husband found room in his life for several *steady* girlfriends during their last separation. The media's sudden curiosity about those women who spent nights with the man who would be President "have driven them underground," according to a friend of one of Hart's ex-girlfriends. "Can you imagine them on the morning talk shows describing Hart's bedroom techniques?"

And that's reason number 305 to *not* want to be President of the United States.

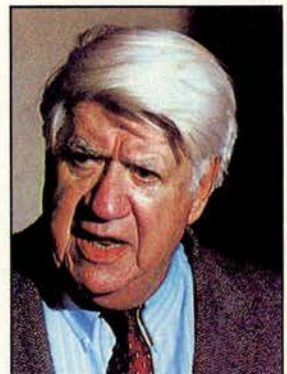
* * *

Vice President George Bush was the hit of Soviet leader Yuri Andropov's funeral, at least in the humor department. Sent to the solemn ceremony so that Ronald Reagan couldn't be portrayed as consorting with the enemy, Bush griped to the French foreign minister about the chilly Moscow air.

"Why can't they ever have these funerals in nice weather?" cracked the Vice President. And to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, Bush noted the advanced age of the current Kremlin leadership and remarked, "See you here again next year."

* * *

As the world situation becomes grimmer every day, humor seems to be the last refuge of other politicians besides George Bush. And the



The barbs flew thick and fast at a roast for Speaker Tip O'Neill.

Democrats are not about to be left behind in the escalating jocularity race. At a roast in honor of House Speaker Tip O'Neill, Representative Geraldine Ferraro—the vivacious congresswoman from New York City—took a swipe at the Big Apple's precocious Mayor Ed Koch. Ferraro quipped that she came from "the only city in the country where the bonds mature before the mayor." Noting her Italian heritage, she said that Washington had confused her at first: every time she heard someone yell "Veto!" Ferraro thought one of her cousins had walked into the room.

Meanwhile, Senator Ted Kennedy noted that when he looks at Gary Hart (whose real age is a question mark), he knows there's a new generation of leaders taking over. After all, said Kennedy, "I'm four years older than Gary... I think." To friends, he has confided that Hart ought to forget fashioning his personal style after him or his late brothers. Hart shouldn't run as a Kennedy, notes Ted: "I know it doesn't work."

Predictably, Republicans also downgrade Hart. They say he's got "two new ideas—his name and his age."

(For future *Washington Daisy Chain* columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

Understanding Campaign Speeches: A Guide to Political Doubletalk



Douglas Kirk

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is written by Douglas Kirk, a psychologist and political speechwriter.

It's dangerous for a national candidate to say things the voters might remember," former Presidential hopeful Eugene McCarthy once observed. He couldn't have said it better. Most of the time it doesn't really matter what comes out of a politician's mouth—as long as you have a place to flush it and an ability to look behind the words at their true meaning. Since we're in the midst of another hotly contested national election, the time has come for a guide to political doubletalk, a sort of dictionary that can be used to translate basic campaign rhetoric into understandable English.

For instance, when was the last time you heard a cornered politician say, "We need time to prepare a proper response"? Alexander Haig and James Watt have said it; so has President Reagan. What they really meant was, "We're stalling to conjure up the Big Lie"—a fabrication so outrageous that you're bound to believe it, since it seems too fantastic to have been made up.

And how about this statement issued by the red-faced politician being grilled by the press: "This is a series of groundless assertions." That really means "How did you find out?"

"We're conducting a thorough investigation" translates to "We have one guy making some phone calls."

Deciphering political doubletalk could be a full-time occupation. Short of that, what follows is a partial listing taken from the 2,000-plus words and phrases in my bulging files.

Accountability. Something no politician has but every politician claims. Like integrity.

Advance Party. A group of people who precede a politician to engagements in order to hire hookers and pump up crowds.

Appropriations. Money up for grabs.

Bribe. Anything that is "off the record." Cash only, no checks.

Business as Usual. What happens the day after an election or the day after being cleared of fraud charges.

By the Book. Any way you can.

Campaign Promise. An idle statement designed to excite the public until after Election Day. Like a thirsty girl in a bar, once the tab is paid, she's gone. Also known among politicians as the "Big Tease."

Cautiously Optimistic. Scared to death of the likely outcome but unwilling to face the facts.

Character Assassination. Telling the truth about a politician's personality and background.

Clear the Air. "Give me a chance to cook up some half-baked explanation." Officials usually say they want to clear the air after a series of denials and refusals to comment.

Come Clean. Blowing the whistle; ratting on political friends; stopping the lies—temporarily.

Connections. People who are willing to lie, cheat and steal for personal gain.

Constituents. The enemy.

Credible Sources. Information written on bathroom walls.

Crossover Politician. One who isn't successful at getting rich while a member of one party; so he decides to work the other side of the fence.

Dark Horse. A politician who can get a few votes but can't win. He trades his votes just before the election for a promised job in government.

Debate. A contest to see who can use the biggest words with the least content.

Deny Wrongdoing. The politician's course of action when confronted with allegations of misconduct.

Disinformation. The process of providing false facts in an effort to mislead the opposition; synonymous with *press release*.

Election Day. A time of judgment; the one day politicians try to tell the truth.

Entrapment. Catching the politician with his hand in the cookie jar.

Front-runner. A politician who has the uncanny ability to obtain the most media attention, regardless of his voter appeal; also has the wife with the biggest boobs.

Fund-Raising Dinner. The highest-priced food you ever ate. No matter what is said, \$1,000 a plate for a fund-raiser is a ripoff even if the waitresses are thrown in with the deal.

Good Clean Race. "My opponent was hit with more mud than he was able to sling at me."

Political Asylum. Congress.

Political Favors. Sex in the White House or Senate chambers.

Political Football. Nude photos of the President's mistress or secretary. Everybody loves them, but no one wants to be caught holding them.

Political Influence. Money.

Political Machine. A group of crooks.

Political Plus. A wife with big boobs.

Political Suicide. Telling the truth.

Since we're in the midst of another hotly contested national election, the time has come for a guide to political doubletalk, a sort of dictionary that can be used to translate campaign rhetoric.

Groundless Assertions. Statements that make politicians sweat.

Ground Rules. Guidelines for the opponent if he's stupid enough to subscribe to them.

Hearing. A meeting designed to assess damage and assign blame.

Honesty. Political definition not known.

Incumbent. The politician who gets to use his political office in order to run a reelection campaign.

Information Leak. A method of getting the press—and hence, the public—to pay attention to things a politician wants them to. Denials regarding the leaked information add to the impression of credibility.

Inner Circle. Partners in crime; people who can tell the truth about a politician—but don't—as long as they are still on the take.

Intelligence Sources. Barroom buddies or Washington whores.

Issues. Problems that politicians avoid discussing at all costs.

Media Phenomenon. A political victory unexpected by political writers, who believe that they can control elections through selective reporting.

Misquoted. Somehow the truth got out.

No Comment. "How did you find out about *that*?"

No Recollection. "I won't tell you, because it will prove I'm wrong."

Not to My Knowledge. "I don't think anyone can prove that I already know."

Off the Record. Most of what politicians say and do is off the record. If it ever gets on the record, they are either forced to resign, impeached or sent to jail.

Pending. Nothing is being done.

Perfectly Legal. Shady—and the lawyers are looking into it.

Platform. A group of promises that sound good but will never be implemented. (Ever see taxes lowered? Ever see a political platform that didn't promise to lower taxes?)

Political Arena. The bedroom.

Private Sector. Those who do the government's job when the government is too wrapped up in red tape to do things itself.

Rumor. The truth.

Sanitize. To remove damaging references or facts from a political document before releasing it. Like cleaning the toilet.

Security Risk. A politician who talks during sex.

Smear Tactics. The usual method of getting the public's attention and their votes.

Smokescreen. Getting a girl to run out of a room in her underwear while the politician slips out the back way unnoticed.

Speechwriters. The people who do the thinking for the politicians—conjuring up the jokes, regionalizing the comments and making bad news sound good.

Spoiler. A politician who tells the truth about the issues, thus forcing others to devote some attention to the issues themselves.

Standards of Conduct. Rules to which a politician seldom subscribes but insists that the opposition adheres to always. When caught in wrongdoing, the statement "I always exercised the highest standards of conduct" must be in the resignation speech.


Taking Steps. "We're thinking about doing something but want to see what's going to happen first."

Top Secret. A classification for facts that could be embarrassing if they were made public.

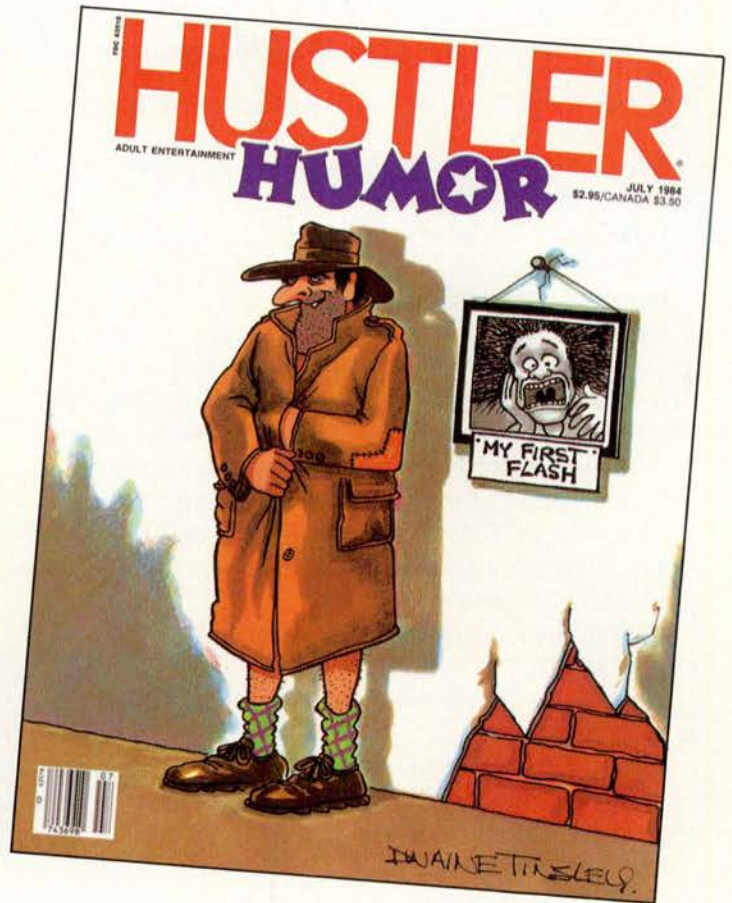
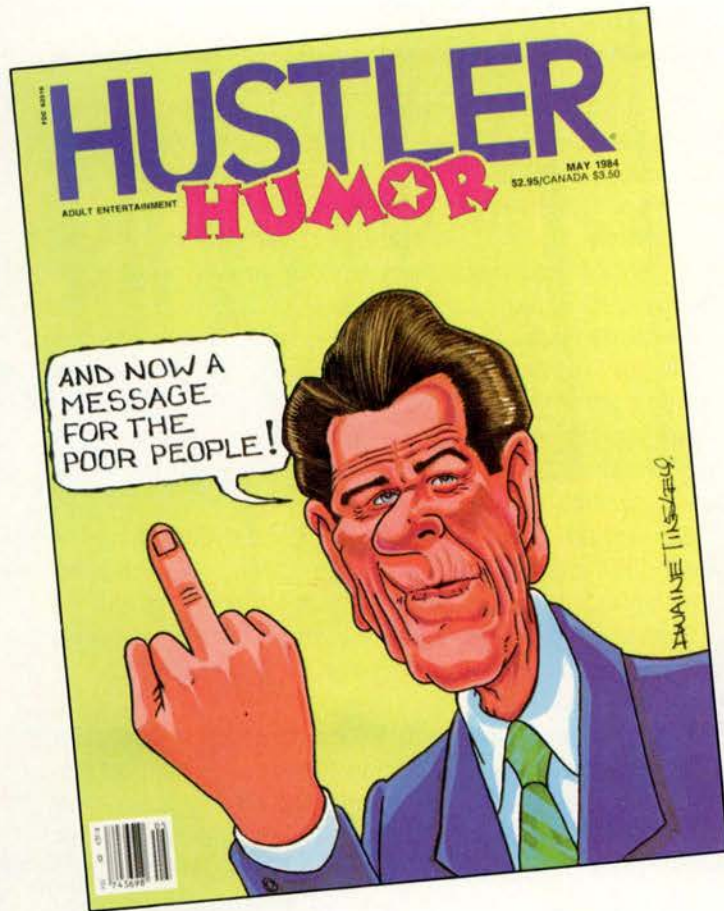
Unavailable for Comment. "Give me time to think of something that will keep me from looking bad when I do talk."

Underdog. The only guy who makes sense.

Wiretap. Political research.

Readers who wish to comment on Douglas Kirk's Guest Editorial are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who wish prepublication information on his forthcoming book dealing with political doubletalk should write to Morton Publishing Company (Route 9, Box 810-S, Canyon Lake, TX 78130). 

MORE YUCKS FOR THE BUCKS!



Other humor magazines may *claim* to give you more, but only HUSTLER HUMOR does. Every page of HUSTLER HUMOR is crammed with cartoons and jokes by the funniest, brightest, most outrageous humorists alive today! And we do it issue after issue after issue after issue!

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See coupon on page 141.

DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! *Dear Granny* has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

When my wife and I have intercourse, I can feel my dick ramming head-on into something very hard. I generally notice this sensation during the last few wild thrusts before I come. My dick is not unusually large, and my wife is not a small woman. Does this mean she has an exceptionally shallow vagina? Or do we have some odd sexual problem?

—Rock Bottom
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Rock: Have you seen those Ben-wa balls you bought her lately? Seriously, your pecker's probably been pounding against your wife's cervix—the hard, round entrance to her uterus. Generally speaking, this can be painful—unless she's very turned on. But as long as those noises she's making are moans of pleasure and not of pain, don't worry about it. After all, every good tail has an ending.

DEAR GRANNY:

I've written to several publications, but they either don't know the answer to my question or they just don't bother to write back. So you're my last shot. My cock is of average length, and I'm not unhappy with it, but it's somewhat thin. What I need to know is if it's possible to have silicone implants placed in my penis in order to make it thicker. I'd also like any pertinent details regarding this procedure, such as cost, side effects, etc. Granny, is such an operation possible?

—Thicker Pecker
Livonia, Michigan

Dear Thicker: Sure, it's possible, if you don't mind being rock-hard—literally and permanently. Sweetie, silicone implants may work for women who want larger breasts, but silicone is so heavy, you'd never be able to get it up again. Stop worrying about penis size! (This also goes for the 5,678 guys who wrote to me this month to ask how to pump up their peckers—so to speak.) Besides, I hear thin is in.

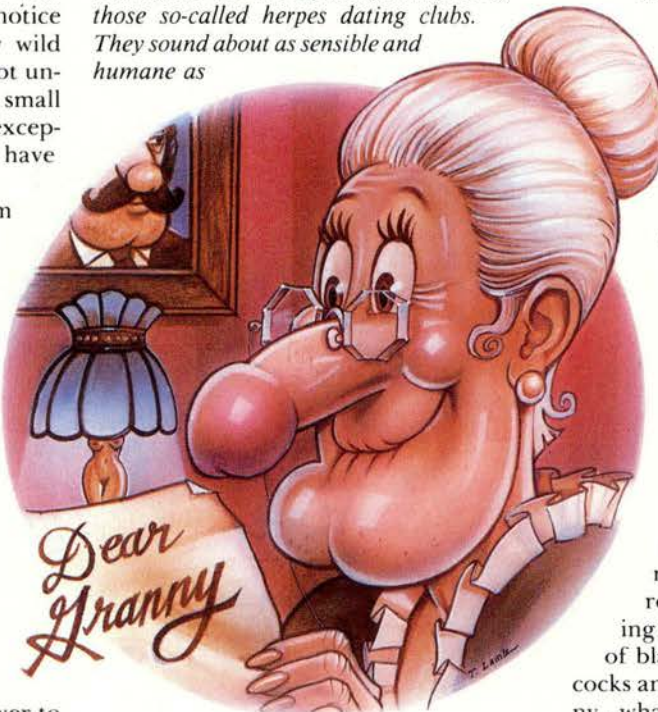
DEAR GRANNY:

About 14 months ago I got herpes, and it's been a nightmare ever since. Not necessar-

ily because of the herpes—I only have recurrences every so often, and I've learned to live with them. Granny, I desperately want to find that special person to settle down with, but I don't want to infect anyone else. Could you give me information on herpes dating clubs where I could meet women who are also infected and not run the risk of passing this horrible disease on to anyone else?

—Sore Loser
Louisville, Kentucky

Dear Loser: Unless your idea of fun is playing "connect the sores" with your lover on a Saturday night, I'd advise against joining one of those so-called herpes dating clubs. They sound about as sensible and humane as



leper colonies. You probably already know that you can't transmit the disease unless you're having an outbreak, and if you've truly managed to bring your infection under control, you should be able to tell when an outbreak is on its way. So find yourself a woman you truly care for from among the general population; be upfront about your illness and see what happens. Who knows? With your luck she may turn out to have herpes too.

DEAR GRANNY:

My problem is that I can't climax during intercourse unless my clitoris is manipulated by hand. This is tearing my marriage apart. My husband feels he's not satisfying me, because his penis alone isn't good enough.

I want to achieve orgasm without clitoral stimulation. Sometimes during sex I can almost come without using my fingers, but not quite. I feel I'm missing out, and my husband is ready to leave me. What should I do?

—Digital
Gary, Indiana

Dear Digital: Honey, let your fingers do the walking, not your husband. He doesn't have a problem, and neither do you. Many women need direct clitoral stimulation in order to come, and if the clitoris were located right at the opening of the vagina, where the penis would brush against it regularly during sex, our fingers wouldn't have to do double duty. If you favor the missionary position with your husband, you could try arching your back during intercourse and see if you get enough stimulation by rubbing your clit against his abdomen. But if that doesn't work, keep fingering away—or let your husband do the handiwork around the house.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a healthy 20-year-old male who enjoys sex with women, but lately I haven't had much luck. Consequently, I've been masturbating daily. The thing that worries me, though, is that my fantasies have become quite morbid. It started when I would masturbate while visualizing my sister being gang-banged by several black men. Then I started imagining my mother giving head to Richard Pryor while taking a hammer and smashing my father's genitals. Now I'm having fantasies of being gang-raped by black studs. This idea turns me on so much, I think I'd like to make it a reality. I get a hard-on just thinking of the day when I can get a group of black studs together, suck on their cocks and feel their cum up my ass. Granny, what do all these morbid fantasies mean? Does this latest one mean I'm gay? If it does, I think I'll castrate myself.

—Worried Wanker
Lake Station, Indiana

Dear Worried: Well, start sharpening that scalpel. . . . Seriously, honey, fantasizing about something doesn't mean you actually want to try it. Rape fantasies are very common among women and, judging from your case, I'd say some men have them too. All fantasies are perfectly healthy and normal unless they're making you uncomfortable or causing harm to other people. Since you're so worried, you might want to see a shrink. Or better yet, go out and get laid. I've always thought that there's nothing like the love of a good woman to make a man forget about being gang-banged by a group of black studs.

DEAR GRANNY:

About three months ago my husband of three years told me he wanted to have anal sex with me. Since then he's kept asking, and I've kept putting him off. The problem is that I'm afraid it will hurt. I

was told by a friend that anal sex is very painful and can cause all sorts of diseases. Is there any truth to this? I love my husband and really want to please him, but I don't want to get hurt or sick.

—Backdoor Blues
Conroe, Texas

Dear Backdoor: I'm not surprised to hear that your friend's butt aches. It sounds as if she's got her head up her ass. Anal sex doesn't have to be painful—in fact, if it is, it might indicate a health problem. If you're careful, there's no way it can cause disease. If you're concerned about infection, have your husband wear a lubricated condom while he's giving it to you. He can take it off before he puts his cock in your cunt, thereby eliminating the chance of transferring bacteria from your rectum to your vagina. Extra lubrication and plenty of clitoral stimulation before and during butt-fucking will make you wonder why you didn't take it up the ass sooner.

DEAR GRANNY:

My problem is minor, but I'll bet that it's a fairly common one among women. I love giving head, except for one thing—the hairs that get stuck in my mouth and throat afterward. They itch for days, and it's really miserable. Granny, how do you deal with this problem?

—Hairy-Throated Cocksucker
Ellerbe, North Carolina

Dear Hairy: I don't have that problem—I use those loose hairs for dental floss. Sweetie, you could try brushing the stray hairs off his cock before you settle down to business and then avoid going so deep, your mouth comes in contact with his bush. But that would take the fun out of it. Yours is an age-old problem we all have to live with. After all, every job has its occupational hazards—even a blowjob.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm 23 years old and married to a wonderful man. But when my husband and I make love, I don't enjoy it at all. I always pretend to have an orgasm and tell my husband afterward that I enjoyed it. I'm afraid to tell him the truth because it might hurt his pride. In all other respects our marriage is perfect. Do you think I should tell him the truth? Or would it hurt him too much?

—The Great Pretender
Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Pretender: Honey, a "good" marriage without satisfying sex for both partners sounds as exciting as a leaky love doll. Until your husband knows the truth, your marriage is on a dead-end course. Sure, he'll be hurt. So would you if you found out that he'd been lying during your entire marriage about something that important. But if you've got a good relationship, being totally upfront with your man will only serve to improve upon it—and, honey, that's no lie.

DEAR GRANNY:

This letter should enlighten your readers—especially the one who wrote to you in the March issue asking about the possible side effects of prostate removal. Men, beware! If your doctor tells you that you need your prostate taken out, *get a second opinion!* I had mine removed, and before the operation my doctor assured me that everything would be okay. A laser beam would burn away part of the prostate gland, and—I was told—none of my other organs would be affected.

The result of this was that even though I still get erections, I don't ejaculate, because my semen goes into my urinary canal. My wife and I miss the feel and smell of my cum inside her when we have sex, and this has put a strain on our marriage. Had I known this was going to happen, I would have tried some other remedy for my problem. Now all I can do is warn other men to learn from my mistake.

—Dripless
Pasadena, Maryland

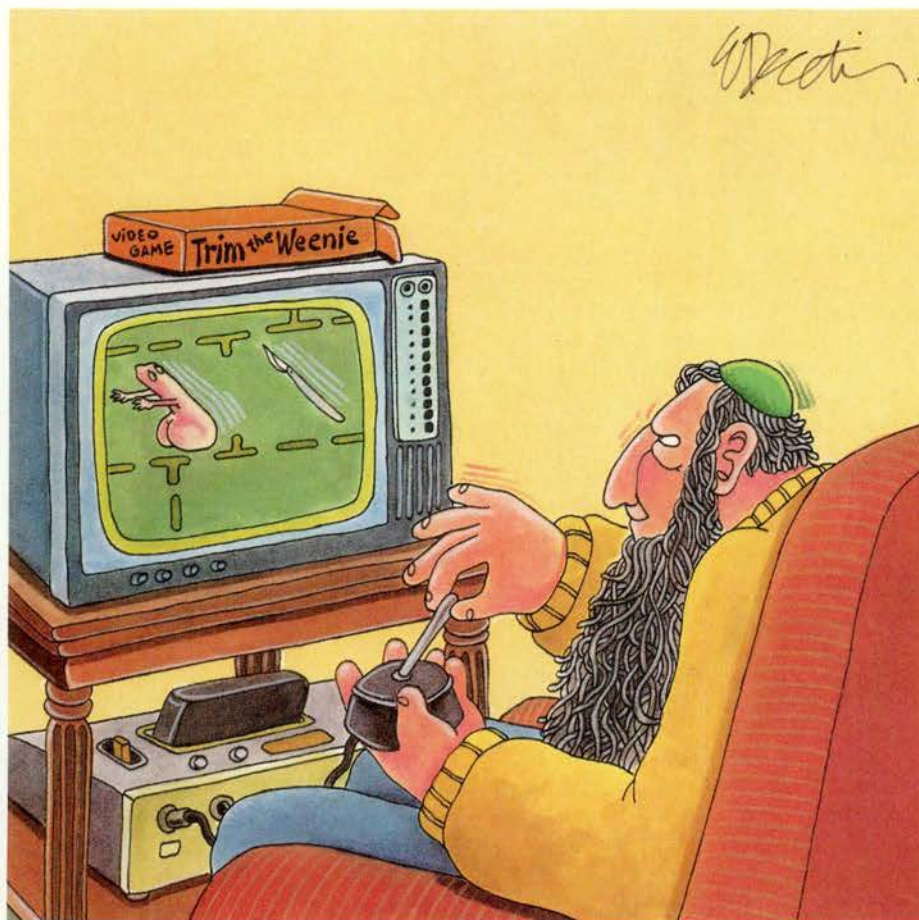
Dear Dripless: Lasers, huh? Now I know what they meant by "Beam me up, Scotty." Honey, I've always advocated getting a second opinion on any kind of surgery when it's possible. Unfortunately, that second opinion is often the same as the first, and prostate removal, while frequently necessary, does carry the possibility of some nasty side effects—including not being able to get it up again at all. I'd see another doctor—to find out if there's anything he can do to make your faucet pour again.

DEAR GRANNY:

I have a very large problem—9½ inches to be exact. That's my cock size and, believe me, bigger isn't always better when it comes to sex. The only women who will even try to take me on after seeing my huge salami are hookers, and some of them have a hard time with it. What's a guy like me—who plans to settle down someday and raise a family—supposed to do?

—Hung Up
Glencoe, Illinois

Dear Hung: Honey, your problem is my wet dream—but I've been called the Carlsbad Cavern of the West Coast. Still, I can understand these women's reluctance to take on your long schlong. Some guys built like you can't see anything wrong with pounding past the point of no return. And for many women that can be painful. On the other hand, there are guys with donkey dicks who practice care and patience when using such powerful equipment. I'm assuming you're one of the latter. Spend some time with a prospective bed partner before you sock the salami to her so that she knows she can trust you. Then, when the time comes for you to get it on together, dim the lights and tell her you do a lot of batting practice in bed. 🍌



BITS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Whenever Dick Gregory makes the news, he's described as a comedian, author, hunger-striker or political activist. That's not only an incomplete portrait—it's unfair. If a guy is going to act like an Asshole, he deserves to be called one. Frankly, we can't think of anyone who's tried harder to earn that title than Gregory.

You may remember him as a hip black comedian who first appeared in the early '60s. Or you may have read one of his books: *From the Back of the Bus and Nigger*. You may also remember Gregory's activism as he fasted beyond the limits of normal human endurance.

No one can deny the impact Gregory made during those turbulent times, nor can the glory of his moral leadership be diminished. And the hip, funny, committed Dick Gregory of that period appears to be gone forever. Unfortunately, the buffoon who walks around in his body these days is a sorry substitute.

Perhaps the "new" Dick Gregory's ridiculous behavior can best be demonstrated by his well-publicized solution to the 28 mysterious murders of young black males during 1980-81 in Atlanta, Georgia. Most investigators were of the opinion that these slayings had some homosexual connection—although the possibility that they were simply motivated by racism was never totally discounted. For some irrational reason, Gregory chose to declare that he not only knew who was responsible for murdering those poor boys, he also knew

Dick Gregory



why they had been killed.

Gregory claims that the federal government offed them in order to manufacture a secret anti-cancer vaccine that required gallons of fresh, whole blood; the process was so terribly expensive that only enough serum could be made to protect high government officials and their families. Atlanta was singled out because the National Center for Disease Control is located just outside the city. Amazingly, some people—both black and white—actually swallowed this load of shit. For all we know, they may still believe it. Gregory certainly does.

We've heard rumors (which may be unfounded) that in Gregory's newer version, Andrew Young (former ambassador to the U.N. and now mayor of Atlanta) drinks human blood. And if you believe that one, we've got some swampland in Transylvania we'd like to show you.

Gregory seems to have a thing about strange personal habits involving the imbibing of bodily fluids. For a number of years he strongly advocated the drinking of urine. In fact, he shared the wealth by insisting that his children have a glass of the liquid gold as well. We can hardly be-

lieve that piss-drinking is good for the body, and we'd sure have been pissed off if someone had forced it down our throats.

Gregory advocates several other bizarre health theories as well. For example, he now believes in personal celibacy (after having fathered ten children) and claims to have gone for a number of years without having sex with his wife. But airline stewardesses apparently don't count, because we've been told that it looks as if Dick has dicked a few stews since he went on his pussy fast.

Money apparently presents other problems for Gregory. Obviously, he's never forgotten the hard times he suffered through during his early years. (We don't blame him a bit for that.) But the good life requires some bucks, and there's not a lot of work these days for crazed, piss-drinking ex-comedians. (Anyone who was unfortunate enough to have seen him on the *David Letterman Show* last March should know why.) So Gregory cultivates a few wealthy friends whom he allows to assist him by providing his support in return for his so-called medical advice. HUSTLER's Larry Flynt coughed up a cool 50 grand for a month's worth of advice—and got nothing in return.

The sad part of all this is that the world is filled with loudmouths jabbering out crackpot ideas. What we really need today is the old Dick Gregory—the one who used to be a real humanist and a human being—instead of the Asshole who's walking around in the new Dick Gregory's shoes.

FARTS IN THE WIND

Dick Gregory may have taken "top" honors this month, but other groups and individuals are worthy of recognition on this page. They are July's Farts in the Wind.

Again undermining the First Amendment and infringing on states' rights, the U.S. SUPREME COURT in *Keeton v. HUSTLER Magazine Inc.* ruled that an

allegedly libeled person can file suit anywhere a publication is sold. Regrettably, the Court's 9-0 decision allows a plaintiff to "forum-shop" to find the jurisdiction most hostile to the press.

Colorado GOVERNOR RICHARD D. LAMM, who has opposed wheelchair lifts on public buses, reaffirmed his callousness by stating that terminal-

ly ill old people have "a duty to die and get out of the way." Hopefully the governor will get out of the way and drop out of politics.

In Los Angeles, U.S. District Judge FRANCIS C. WHELAN said during a hearing involving government wiretap tapes, "We're not going to be looking for a nigger in a woodpile." Later, the judge (who is white) muttered, "It never occurred to me that it had any-

thing to do with Negroes." Order in the courtroom, here come de... judge?

CITIZENS AGAINST PORNOGRAPHY in Fairfax County, Virginia, is asking stores to stop selling magazines it deems "pornographic," including HUSTLER. We agree with the *Fairfax Journal*: "If there is a threat here, it is the danger presented by attempts at censorship by private groups with no legal or community-wide sanction."

The Larry Flynt Get Into Jail Free Card



HANDY LEGAL PHRASES

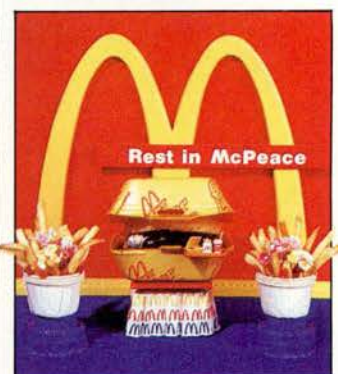
1. "GIVE ME MORE TIME!"
2. "FUCK YOU, MOTHERFUCKER."
3. "THAT'S AN AMERICAN FLAG, YOU DUMB CUNT."
4. "YOU'RE A TURD-SWALLOWING MAGGOT."

A Real Horror Show

Is Ronnie secretly worried about losing the 1984 election? Sure he appears confident in public, but this photo (taken with the use of a very powerful telephoto lens) seems to indicate that he has doubts about his job security. Otherwise, why would he be rehearsing for the role of Leatherface in the upcoming movie *The Washington Handsaw Murderer*? We know he's qualified for that part—he's been scaring the hell out of us ever since he was elected governor of California 17 years ago. So let's put him back on the screen, where he can't hurt anything but our sensibilities. He may not have been much of an actor in his Hollywood days, but even Bonzo could have done a better job in the Oval Office.



Kicking the McBucket



Let's have a belated McMoment of McMourning for Ray Kroc, the founder of the McDonald's fast-food chain, who bit the big one several months ago.

No, Ray *didn't* die of a "Big Mac Attack"—even though all that McJunk he really did eat every day for years could have been a contributing factor. Although he's gone, his legacy of indigestion will live on for years to come.

It's just a damn McShame they don't do things our way at McDonald's, because Kroc certainly deserved to be laid to his final rest between two sesame-seed buns in a styrofoam casket (along with a Coke and a large order of fries).

And just the thought of Ronald McDonald delivering a heartrending eulogy ("God was hungry for another soul; so He placed an order to go. As Ray passed through those pearly gates, he said goodbye to the Golden Arches.") brings tears to our eyes.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

■ THIS SURE BEATS THE MUSEUM

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA—A courtroom trip turned out to be more fun than watching VD films in health class for a group of 12- to 15-year-olds attending a sexual-assault trial. The victim, a prostitute, delivered 80 minutes of testimony that included details of all the tricks of the trade. We can only guess where the revenue from the next school cookie sale will go.

■ CLOSE SHAVE

LOS ANGELES, CA—A former female paramedic who claimed her male colleagues forced

her to shave off her pubic hair as a firehouse initiation ritual was awarded \$75,000 by the city of Los Angeles in an out-of-court settlement. Sally Byrne, 21 at the time of the incident, has since changed careers because of constant harassment from fellow firefighters angered by the suspension of the six men—including the captain—involved in the "initiation." Byrne is now studying nursing, but an offer for a Noxzema shaving commercial can't be far off.

■ GIVE ME THAT OL' TIME RELIGION

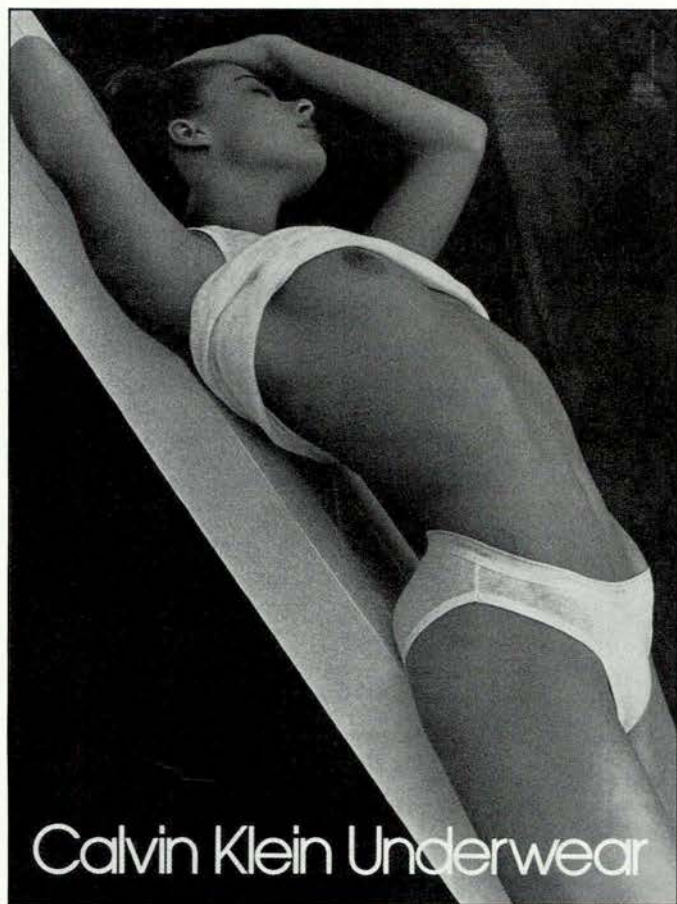
ORANGE COUNTY, CA—A Christian youth-

group leader who's spearheading an effort to fill Los Angeles streets with young evangelists during the Olympics was arrested and booked for the alleged kidnap, rape, sodomy and oral copulation of two women. Police say that John Randolph Sykes, 32, had the women sent to his home from local escort services. After they arrived, he produced a police badge, handcuffed them and forced them to perform sexual acts that would make even Jerry Falwell jealous. Sykes denies the charges. Nevertheless, Olympic visitors should be very cautious of young men carrying Bibles and handcuffs.

I See London, I See France

And that's not all we see in these ads for Calvin Klein's new line of women's underwear that have appeared in almost all the fashion magazines. That nipple, for instance. Too bad Cal didn't spend the bucks to do this campaign in color. And the under-

wear bothers us as well. Not only does it look strangely familiar (because it's so masculine), but we'd guess when this stuff catches on, there'll be a lot more Calvin between us and those girls who don't let anything else get between them and their Calvin's. So to speak.



On Your Knees, Barbie

For many years little girls grew up believing that the flawless Barbie Doll represented the ideal woman. Because today's kids are hipper and more sexually aware, they won't buy the type of virginally vacant image that Barbie projects. In an attempt to recapture the market, the manufacturer has been testing some new designs—including this improved model.

We're not sure, but perhaps this *Slut Barbie* (with her hard

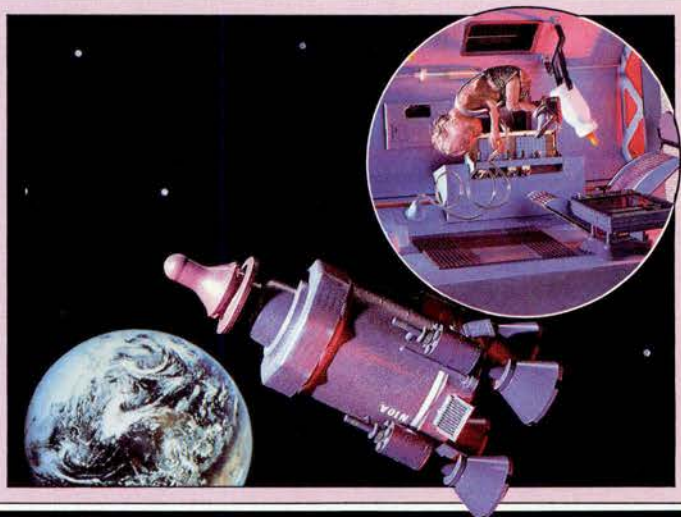
nipples, a permanently wet, open pussy and sperm dripping from her mouth) goes a bit too far. What kinds of accessories will be available—crotchless panties, anal lube and illegitimate mulatto kids? Maybe it will be more popular—but only if parents start buying dolls for their sons. Actually, with just a slight modification old Barbie can be a very satisfying toy for girls. Think about it—if you pulled her arms off, she'd make a great dildo.

That's No Asteroid, That's My Daughter!

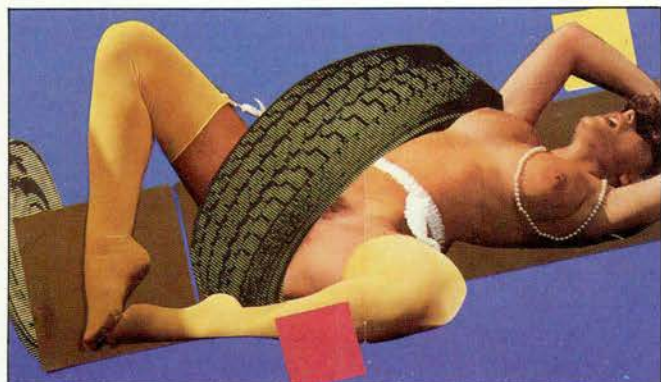
At best, abortion is an imperfect solution to unwanted pregnancy. Besides the ethical, emotional, legal, social and religious controversies, there are practical considerations as well. Like disposing of all those aborted fetuses. Fetus pollution isn't a big problem now, but it might be someday.

Here's a great new solution, using available technology that could resolve the entire

issue right now—and make everybody happy. First, prohibit the termination of pregnancies by abortion. Then, when unwanted kids are born, put them in space capsules (pink for girls, blue for boys) and send them off on a one-way trip to the end of the universe. That way anyone's little problem child can become an astronaut. Or a star! And who knows, maybe E. T. is looking to adopt.



SEX IN MEDIA



Don't Tread on Me

When we explained to erotic artist Donald V. White that we wanted to publish one of his stimulating photo-collages in *HUSTLER*, he sent us this spare from his collection. Unfortunately, we really don't

know *what* this depiction of a woman burning rubber is supposed to symbolize; so we won't try to explain it. All we can say is that while she seems to be wheel sexy on one hand, for some reason she appears to be overly, uh, tired.

Porn From the Past



If you thought cocktail parties were something new, we hope this old shot will set you straight. Of course, there have been improvements. For example, modern innovations such as the invention of ready-to-eat little wienies have sure simplified menu planning.

And unlike the lady, we aren't just forking around.

If you want to be party to our hunt for funny old smut, pack up your collection and mail it to *Bit & Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for each shot we use.

QUEEN FOR A DAY?—According to the February 24, 1984, edition of *USA Today*, Rhonda Swanson was stripped of her Miss San Diego title and thus lost her shot to become Miss America after someone discovered that she'd



appeared in a nude layout in *Penthouse*. According to officials, Swanson had acted "contrary to the ideals of the Miss America pageants."

We'd be the first to agree that anyone connected with *Penthouse* probably doesn't deserve to win anything, but that doesn't seem to be the issue. So maybe someone should explain to us why it is morally acceptable to titillate the entire country by parading around in nothing but a bathing suit, while it's not okay to appear

in the nude in a magazine that will be seen by only a small percentage of the population.

RUBBER REGULATORS—Oregon's one state that really cares about the quality of life available to its citizens. The state government is famous for its strict standards and careful regulation of things close to the hearts of all Oregonians—including condoms. According to an article that appeared in the February 13-19, 1983, issue of *Willamette Week*, the Oregon State Board of Pharmacy tests three dozen samples of every condom sold within the state. At least 90% of the samples must pass both air- and water-inflation tests (rubbers filled with water are hung from clotheslines for 30 hours) before they're approved. In fact, wholesalers from all over the U.S. send samples because the manufacturer's methods just aren't as accurate. "Oregon," in the words of Ruth Vandever, executive director of the pharmacy board, "is kind of the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval for condoms in this country."



Photo by Cathy Cheney reprinted from *Willamette Week*

WOULD YOU LIKE A CAREER TRAVELING THE WORLD OVER FIRST CLASS?*



Would you like to drink all you want, eat in the finest restaurants, live rent free and never pay a bill? Mingle with the mighty as a member of the world's wealthiest, most powerful corporation? Listen to the innermost secrets of the rich and famous, intimidate the meek and live forever?

Join the Catholic Church. Be a priest.

* PARODY - NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

If This Is Tuesday, You Must Be Clarice

Remember those cute "Day of the Week" panties some women used to wear. Besides providing her with an incentive to change her underwear on a daily basis, you'd both know what day it was. Well, thanks to a new application of high technology, you can kiss those old

panties goodbye. But is this really progress? Since the digital display automatically changes—even though she may not—she can look up-to-date but smell like last Friday. On the other hand, the optional-watch feature is great if you're on a tight schedule and have to pick your wife up in a couple of hours.



What It Is, Paine Webber!

Let's face it: Most financial people are boring—unless you've got a lot of money to invest. They've got three strikes against them right from the get: They're white, overeducated and about as hip as a Pinto. Recently, however, one group has been making a big effort to change that image. After analyzing the street action, these guys realized that they

weren't *that* different from the fast-talking brothers who hang out in the ghetto, helping the poor folks to invest in things like numbers, dream dust and their sisters.

Will computer terminals and broker dancing replace blasters and break dancing? Don't hold your breath. On the other hand, *my* broker be E. F. Washington, and E. F. say...

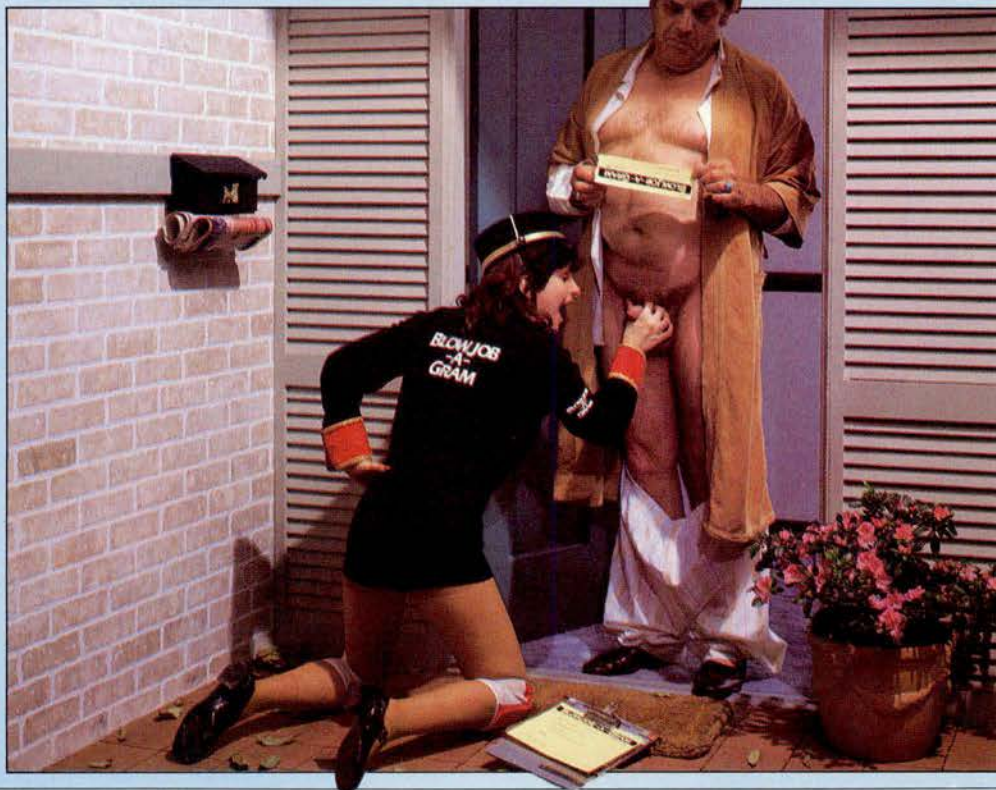
A Pain In the Ash

Here's the wildest new party fad in Hollywood: human ashtrays. Rented out by a company called Anything for a Buck Unlimited, these women show up at a person's home and proceed to spend the entire evening on all fours, offering their bare backs to guests as a creative alternative to the everyday ceramic ashtray. Although human ashtrays come from all walks of life, the job seems to appeal primarily to aspiring actresses looking for a way to pay the rent while they pursue their careers. As one potential starlet recently explained: "It hurts like hell, but it pays eight bucks an hour; and it sure beats waiting tables."

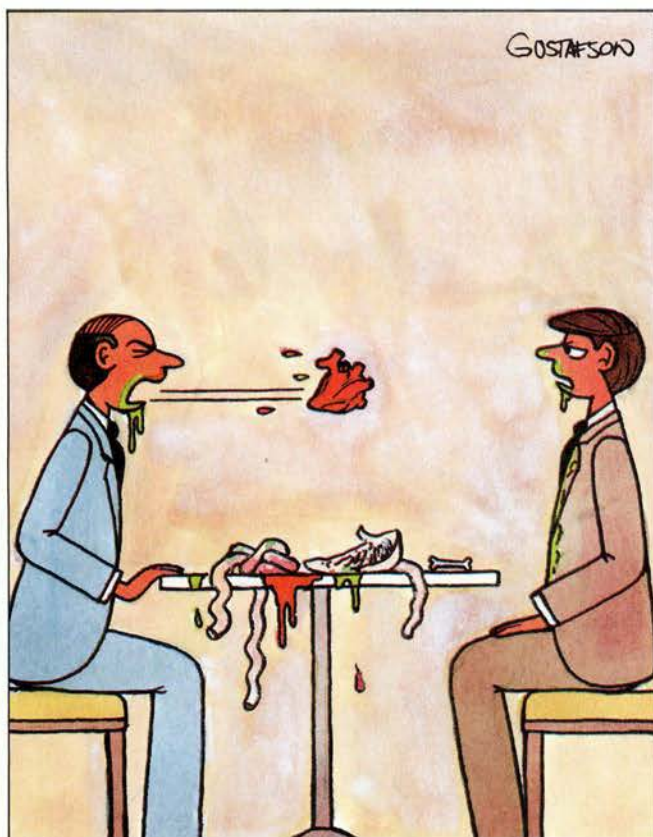


Lip Service

Modern man's continuing search for new and better ways to deliver personal messages has resulted in some rather strange cultural phenomena. First there was the singing telegram, which gave way to the Candygram and, most recently, the Strippergram. We can't see into the future, but we're sure the newest entry, called a Blowjob-a-gram, is going to be a hard act to follow. Just imagine: After the courier delivers the message ("Happy Valentine's Day From Cathy," "Congratulations on Your Bar Mitzvah From Aunt Suzy and Uncle Jim" or "Your Mom Just Died"), she drops to her knees and gives you the best head \$75 can buy. If it's good news, you'll feel even better; if it's not, perhaps you won't feel so bad. Best of all, no matter how sentimental you may be, she'll be just as choked up as you are.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Don't you think it's time you did something about that cough?"

HUSTLER Update

PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT

November '80
Our hypocritical President's push for forced prayer in our nation's public schools is his way of kissing the asses of his Bible-thumping, fascist backers. Our *Publisher's Statement*, "The Politics of Morality," warned against mixing politics and religion: Prayer is the family's responsibility, not the government's. But as we pointed out four years ago, Ronald Reagan owes some big favors to his right-wing, Fundamentalist cronies. This proposed rape of our Constitution is part of the payoff. We also predicted that the true goal of these self-righteous bullies is to dictate what we do in private. Reagan may be the Judas they hope he is.



HOW MANY MORE VETERANS WILL AGENT ORANGE KILL?

October '81

This profile of veteran Jim Hopkins revealed the frustrating battle waged against the Veterans Administration by tens of thousands of men and women suffering from disorders attributed to exposure to Agent Orange, a defoliant used during the Vietnam War. So far the VA has largely rejected Agent Orange-connected appeals for medical benefits. But Congress recently decided to pass a bill that grants financial compensation to military veterans suffering the effects of exposure to Agent Orange. It's about time.



Contributors *HUSTLER* pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For July, \$150 goes to Garry Ashton, Carl Cook, Dave McEnery, Frank L. Middleton, Jody L. Stover and Donald V. White III. *HUSTLER's* comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. *HUSTLER's* use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?*

A man like Paul Snider, for whom life was just one big blast—until his ambitions were shattered by Dorothy Stratten. Whether Paul was one of the 71% of *Playboy* readers who claim to be college-educated is certainly academic now. Obviously, he had a serious problem relating to a woman who wasn't truly one of the flawless mannequins portrayed by the magazine that leads its field in seniority. But that's image for you. Perhaps if Paul had known the score, dealing with a *real* woman might not have been such a mind-blowing experience.



*Ad parody—Not to be taken seriously

THE BIG HOUSE

Tales From the Tank

by J. R. J.

This monthly column is published as a forum for presenting documented accounts of prison conditions normally ignored by the mainstream press. Its author is a federal prisoner who prefers to use the pseudonym J. R. J. for his own safety.

MEAT-LOAF DIET: WHERE'S THE BEEF?

Arizona State Prison, Florence: Instead of the bread-and-water rations traditionally doled out to the most incorrigible inmates, the Arizona prison system has dreamed up something even less palatable—meat loaf served morning, noon and night for seven consecutive days. "This is not the meat loaf your mother makes," says Corrections Department official John Turner. "It's a real bland meat loaf. . . . Obviously, they don't like it."

Nor would anyone else for that matter. "Jute ball" is what prisoners call this foul concoction, which is actually uneaten meat, vegetables and salad scraped off discarded plates. After being ground together in a blender, baked and served again, the stuff has little nutritive value—other than providing bulk.

Apparently, someone in authority feels that if the death penalty or longer jail sentences can't deter crime, maybe meat loaf can do the trick. The unappetizing diet is part of a so-called management-adjustment program, which, according to Turner, is "aimed at stopping the inmates from exhibiting negative behavior."

So far the repetitive menu has been dished up to eight prisoners. One of them, who continued to rebel, was forced to consume jute ball three times a day for two weeks. The American Civil Liberties Union correctly calls this tasteless program "cruel and unusual punishment," a violation of the Eighth Amendment. But a federal judge found that hard to swallow, flatly refusing to bar meat loaf's coercive use.

North Dakota State Penitentiary, Bismarck: His parents and a dis-

trict court judge who was a friend of the family agreed that six months behind bars would make the teenager forget the idea of ever smoking pot again. The boy was apprehensive about being locked up for the first time, long before the deputies who transported him to prison and the guards at the booking desk warned him about rampant homosexual attacks inside the joint. He became so afraid that he refused to leave his cell for three weeks; sympathetic cons smuggled him food from the kitchen.

One night, after the prison priest refused to take the time to talk with him, the young man hanged himself. Seeing life still remaining in his body, the cons tried to get the guard to open the cell door so the prisoner could be revived. But the guard could not speak or understand English. So he grinned and watched the tragic end to a family's object lesson.

Arkansas State Prisons, Cummins/Tucker Farms: The thigh bone ain't necessarily connected to the hip bone on the bodies resurfacing in freshly plowed fields. The count by cons is coming close to exceeding the 40-plus skeletons that were unearthed in the scandal of the 1970s. Officials are even trying their damndest to cover up the grisly discoveries, since the skeletal remains all bear massive marks of beatings and dismemberment.

Missouri State Penitentiary, Jefferson City: Black lung, the disease heretofore identified exclusively with deep-vein coal miners, looms as an occupational hazard at this joint. Convicts who make the warden's shitlist are put into the Pit, a 12-foot-deep, 6' x 6' hole located in a worked-out coal mine formerly used to fuel the prison powerhouse. The stay is usually for six months at a crack, and the "sanitary facilities"—the hole itself—are flushed out with a fire hose once a week.

Iowa State Penitentiary, Fort Madison: The media deliberately downplayed the riot and disruption by convicts here in 1981. One of the photographs they suppressed showed an armed cop in

full riot gear being confronted at the main gate by a con who was holding the same type of shotgun as the officer. Three years later prison officials are still apprehensive. The new administration apparently believes the stories that there are more guns within prison walls than there are in the guard armory.

Federal Prison, Lompoc, California: Never underestimate the ingenuity of people in stir. For five months half a dozen inmates painstakingly dug a state-of-the-art escape tunnel leading toward the barbed-wire fence surrounding this minimum-security institution. It was air-vented, lighted by electric power and contained a railroad track, tools and stashes of clothing. The interior was shored up with wooden slats, and excavated dirt was hidden inside the walls of an electrical shop from which the tunnel originated.

But just ten feet from potential freedom everything went for naught when a snitch-prison lingo for a stool pigeon—blew the whistle, causing the tunnel to be filled with concrete poured down the shaft. Presumably, he'll be transferred to another institution or released and given a new identity. We hate to think of the consequences if the prisoners he rattled on ever catch up with him.

Colorado State Prison Correctional Industries Dairy, Canon City: Cons assigned here know full well one of the unwritten rules of working in such a facility: Beware of using the milking-machine udder cups as a substitute for getting head. The 90-pounds-per-square-inch suction pressure does the job quick, all right. But if you don't reach the cut-off switch in time, you run the risk of winding up with a three-foot-long dong approximately the width of a pencil.

GRIM NUCLEAR AFTERMATH

In the late 1950s, when J. Edgar Hoover was director of the FBI and the threat of nuclear war became an almost-constant thought, the imprisoned individual was the subject of one of the contingency plans developed for

dealing with the aftermath of such an attack. Over the years the plan has been refined and expanded to where I believe it now includes all prisoners, mental-health inpatients, the terminally ill, nursing-home residents, those held in juvenile facilities and a variety of other people presumably unable to care for themselves following a nuclear strike.

Inside a walled or fenced facility, guards armed with automatic weapons and high-compression ammunition would be sent along the front of the cells to terminate the inmates secured within. In relatively open institutions—such as detention camps, minimum-security facilities and dormitory structures—final disposition of the majority of prisoners would be accomplished with the aid of local police and the National Guard. Taken to the very furthest extreme, the poor dude awaiting traffic court in the local police station would quite likely have his head blown off.

As distasteful as they may sound, these contingency plans for more than 600,000 confined Americans have a great deal of logic. Consider the alternatives:

- If you were a prison guard or a mental-hospital attendant, would you abandon your family to survive the aftermath on their own in order to care for convicts or patients who would probably cut your throat if they were given the opportunity?

- If you were a prison guard or a mental-hospital attendant, would you risk being confronted on the outside by convicts or patients freed from their cells by the effects of the blast?

- And if convicts were somehow set free following a nuclear attack, how would you feel about you and your family sharing a shelter with Charlie Manson or Son of Sam?

The answers are obvious, say those who support *America's Final Solution*.

Can you tell us a prison horror story? Do you have the proof to back it up? If so, write The Big House (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054) and we'll try to include it here.

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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Firestorm

Fully Erect. Produced by Cecil Howard; written by Anne Randall; directed by Cecil Howard; starring Eric Edwards, Victoria Jackson, John Leslie, Kay Parker, Joanna Storm, Rikki Harte, Sharon Mitchell, Kurt Mann, Michael Bruce, George Payne, Sharon Kane, Victoria



Joanna Storm opens her tender thighs for a lustful Eric Edwards in 'Firestorm.'

ronica Hart, Sean Elliot and Bram Arnold. Running time: 104 minutes.

Adult films tend to come and go like so many mediocre dime-store novels. It is rare—very rare—that an X-rated motion picture transcends its competition to shine on its own superior and unique erotic merit. *Firestorm* is such a production, and it demands the attention and applause of not only porn viewers, but also of porn creators. There is much, dear filmmaking friends, that Cecil Howard can teach you about making really good blue movies. *Firestorm* is the talented director's latest—and greatest—creation.

The film's elaborate plot revolves around novelist Ken Cushing (Eric Edwards) and his interpersonal experiences with members of a wealthy family. Magda Balcourt (Kay Parker) has commissioned Cushing to write her life story. He agrees and in doing so gets close to Balcourt's family, especially her daughter Claire (Joanna Storm). But the writer's girlfriend Liza (brilliantly portrayed by Victoria Jackson) taunts him for making obvious sexual advances at

the very young, very naive girl. As things progress, the frustrated Cushing discovers that the innocent object of his bizarre affections is *blind*. He nevertheless continues to pursue her until an incredible chain



In 'Firestorm,' buxom newcomer Rikki Harte redefines decadent sensuality.

of events brings Cushing, Liza and Claire into a love triangle that is broken only by a curious twist at the end of the picture, which we'll not reveal here.

Firestorm is epic in its incomparable production values, daring script, remarkable performances—and blinding sensuality. The film is a tale of sexual obsession, but the true obsession lies in Cecil Howard's camera eye. As further proof of Howard's craftsmanship, he has spared no effort to make every physical and theatrically emotional move count. In one very sensual flashback-within-a-flashback sequence, for example, Jackson partakes in an anything-goes foursome with George Payne, Sharon Kane and Michael Bruce. The stroking, sucking and penetration among the group seem to wind and flow to a point at which the bodies take on the shape of a multilimbed erotic reptile, feeding and fornicating itself in some sort of carnal ritual. It is a breathtaking scene.

Elsewhere in *Firestorm* we are introduced to a hitherto-unseen sexual kitten named Rikki Harte. This very buxom, platinum-haired newcomer sends off a fuck-me aura that makes her seem part decadent debutante and part street-whore sleaze. She is seen sparingly in the film, almost teasing the audience into wondering how and why such an uncommonly inviting morsel

happened onto the screen for a mere extended cameo. Surely we will be seeing this lovely young lady again, hopefully in a role wherein her bounteous physicality and curiously refined sexuality will be utilized to the orgasmic ultimate.

From its bold and unusual scope to its hauntingly beautiful musical score, to its boundless passion and hard-core surrealism, *Firestorm* is an X-rated film that stands above its contemporaries and lays new groundwork for the serious future of good erotic cinema.

—L.M.F.



Female Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced, written and directed by Sam Roberts; starring Desiree Lane, Rene Sommers, Andrea Adams, Jean Cine, Mark Wallice and Greg Derek. Running time: 75 minutes.

"What did you say? The producer forgot the script? What the fuck are we going to do then with these four gorgeous girls and two well-hung studs way out here in the middle of the woods? Wing it, you say? Shit, that's not a half-bad idea."

Those must have been the words uttered just before *Female Sensations*—an absolutely delightful, pure-and-simple (really simple), little fuck flick—went into production. There is almost no story here whatsoever. Desiree Lane and Andrea Adams play a pair of sex-starved bimbos vacationing in the wilderness. After the two partake of a savory (and sweaty) pussy-drenched breakfast, they trek outdoors to await the visit of a small group of friends. Upon



'Female Sensations': Pert and lovely cupcakes Andrea Adams (r.) and Desiree Lane.



Lovely Desiree Lane displays her affinity for oral sex in 'Female Sensations.'

their arrival, *Female Sensations* turns into a nonstop, wall-to-wall and tree-to-rock sex party. Studs Mark Wallice and Greg Derek dip their wicks in each of the four nymphets frolicking among the log cabins and babbling brooks. Nary a word of dialogue is spoken, but plenty of audible "mmms" and "oohs" accompany the chirping birds and the gentle sigh of the afternoon breeze as it passes through the bucking thighs of blue-screen cupcakes Lane, Adams, Jean Cine and Rene Sommers.

You can criticize *Female Sensations* for its lack of plot and absence of acting talent, but not a remark can be made about its erotic content. The kids in this picture love to fuck. It's evident in their flushed faces and eager eyes. Olive-skinned Adams is a refreshing new beauty who tongues a stiff cock with the best of 'em.

Female Sensations is a harmless adult film that makes no bones about being nothing more than a raincoater's delight. It's unpretentious and uninhibited—and a bonafide turn-on. See it! —L.M.F.



Piggy's

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and written by James George; directed by Robert Houston; starring Laurie Smith, Jerry Butler, Paul Thomas, Michael Knight, Annette



In 'Piggy's,' Paul Thomas gets what's coming to him from Annette Heinz.

Heinz, Blair Castle, Long Jean Silver, Michelle Maren, Kenny Dee, Athena Starr and Dan Stevens. Running time: 82 minutes.

Loosely based on the mainstream teenage-sex comedy *Porky's*, *Piggy's* is just as dumb and a damn sight dirtier than the film it satirizes. For those who were frustrated by the pricktasting tit 'n' cheek sexiness of *Porky's*, prepare for an eyeful of hard-core frolicking in one of 1984's most enjoyably stupid X-rated efforts.

As the film begins, we find two school chums (Jerry Butler and Michael Knight) heading back home from college. As Knight so aptly announces, "Done with college—can't get a job? Why not go home?" Why

not, indeed? Especially when Knight's mother (Annette Heinz) is the biggest nympho-slut in town and has just opened a new bar. At first things look promising, but the place suffers because the topless joint across town—owned by the mayor (Paul Thomas)—is doing all the business. Then Butler's girl-



Kenny Dee has a faceful of Athena Starr in the raunchy sex romp 'Piggy's.'

friend (Laurie Smith) trips over the name "Piggy's," and the gang decides to make the establishment live up to its new name by catering to the hog-wild in every young man. Piggy's becomes a flesh-drenched fuck palace and, as Heinz is busy blowing three patrons at once, the profits take off and everyone's happy.

Although the dialogue and humor in *Piggy's* is genuinely idiotic, the cast manages to deliver the trite phrases with a modicum of believability and style. In one scene a rock 'n' roll groupie (Athena Starr) and her fair-haired friend (Long Jean Silver) double-fuck a heavy-metal moron friend of Knight's. Supposedly Scandinavian (and in short command of the English language), Starr can only barf out the words "Ja, ja... I put out" over and over. It's actually quite funny, especially later in the film when Starr is swept outside by a stranger (Kenny Dee) in the bar to be boffed up against a telephone pole. Throughout the ramming she continues to moan, "Ja, ja, ja..." Great stuff... sublimely mindless.

Piggy's is a visibly cheap production that looks like it was

made in one day on one sound stage. It is that cheap look, however, that gives the film its tawdry, filthy-yet-funny flavor. If you're in the mood for some hot-and-dirty porking and squealing, catch *Piggy's*. —L.M.F.



Private Moments

Half Erect. Produced by Sam Norvell; written by Robert McCallum and Ursula Evans; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Janey Robbins, Eric Edwards, Laura Lazarre, Honey Wilder, Jon Martin, Herschel Savage, Jesse Adams, Blair Harris, Billy Daniels and Tom Byron. Running time: 77 minutes.

The fantasy theme has been an easy way out for sex-film makers ever since the industry crawled from the sewer way back when. You can shoot a bunch of vignettes in no sequence, pay your actors for one scene and send them on their way, and in the end still piece together a feature-length motion picture. *Private Moments* is a bit more elaborate than a collection of separately shot loops, but it offers nothing really new in the way of expanding on the overused technique of day-dream blackouts.

The story's about three egg-head lawyers (Eric Edwards, Jon Martin and Herschel Savage) and their overimaginative wives (Laura Lazarre, Janey Robbins and Honey Wilder). The guys become objects of sexual fantasies for their friends' spouses—hence everybody's shacking up



In 'Private Moments,' Janey Robbins rears up for stiff lover Eric Edwards.

with everybody else, with each lady fantasizing her own individual kink with the stud of her choice. To be honest there's really no plot to *Private Moments*, just a collection of fantasy blackouts involving the six main characters, with the exception of a couple of extramarital day-dreams on the part of the ladies. The film ends as it began: the three couples sitting around a dinner table exchanging superfluous conversation. Whoop-dee-do and pass the salt!

Naturally, adult-film makers use the fantasy bit because it provides the best platform for all manners of celluloid-created sexual deviations. In *Private Moments*, however, these devia-



Janey Robbins plays a horny, fantasizing housewife in 'Private Moments.'

tions are shopworn, and in only certain instances do the performers generate any significant erotic energy. The film's finest fuck sequence takes place during a fantasy (what else?) tryst involving a young boy (Tom Byron) preparing to masturbate in his room and the insatiable Honey Wilder as the peeping Thomasina ready to make the lad's nocturnal dream come true. Wilder takes the baby-faced Byron through a hot and hearty suck-and-thrust soiree that should have the audience staining their jeans for many moons to come.

The acting and production standards in *Private Moments* are top-notch, due mostly to the skillful guidance of Robert McCallum, perhaps porn's most underrated filmmaker. But the film fails to hit any erotic heights—for the very simple reason that it's all been done before. —L.M.F.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Alexandra
Fleshdance
Golden Girls
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1
Maneaters
Naughty Girls Need Love Too
Night Hunger
Reel People
Rx for Sex
Sexcapades
Suzie Superstar
That's Outrageous
The Devil in Miss Jones II
The Young Like It Hot

Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat
Bubblegum
Expose Me Now
Girlfriends
Hot Dreams
Never Sleep Alone
Playing With Fire
Pleasure So Deep

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Baby Cakes
Babylon Blue
Between Lovers
California Valley Girls
Eat at the Blue Fox
Flashpants
Pleasure Zones
Smoker
Sulka's Wedding
That's My Daughter
Treasure Box

One-Quarter Erect

Daddy's Little Girls
Let's Talk Sex
Sweet Young Foxes
The Challenge of Desire
The Starmaker
When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
All About Annette
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Raffaelli #FV-953



Hard-core sexual passion is sensuously photographed in 'Raffaelli #FV-953.'

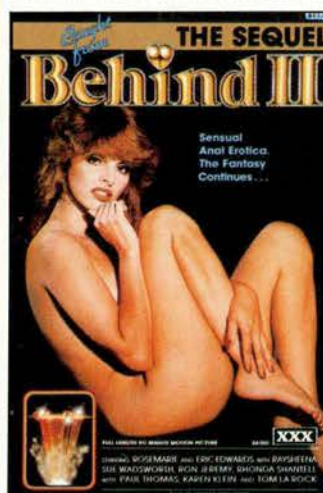
(Diverse Industries) Known to many as the David Hamilton of hard-core—mainly for his beautiful soft-focus style and his penchant for extremely young-looking girls—adult-film maker Ron Raffaelli is in a cinema-X class all by himself. In this six-vignette loop compilation—made seven years ago but just recently released on videotape for the home market—Raffaelli pulls out all the cocks and stops and saturates the screen with a mountain of super-explicit, exquisitely shot mini-features that any porn collector would keep at the front of his library. From the first blackout featuring a boyish Mike Ranger with a very

buxom blond friend to an all-out, asshole-licking lesbian sequence between a pair of "Satin Angels," #FV-953 is loaded with lustful visions and pud-raising encounters. Oh, yes, don't look for this one in your stores—you won't be able to find it. All Raffaelli titles are available exclusively through mail-order from Diverse Industries at (800) 423-5624, or for California residents, (800) 352-5689. —L.M.F.

Caught From Behind II

(Hollywood Video) The story of Dr. Proctor continues, with Eric Edwards giving advice to lovers who suffer from inhibitions about sticking and taking it up the ass. Why even Proctor's wife (Rosie Marie) won't let her hubby pack the fudge! That is, until the good doc invites her to a group-therapy session at which a bunch of horny bitches discuss how much they love being cornholed. So much for plot. What shines in this "specialty" tape is the preponderance of sexy love-kittens who've no qualms about having

their shitholes repeatedly invaded by large dicks. Besides Ms. Marie, bleach-blond Sue Wadsworth is a real cutie who shivers with anal excitement

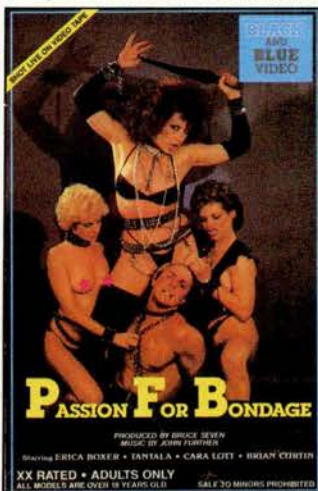


like a virgin having her cherry popped. Overlook the inept acting and cheap production and simply bend over! Hard-core Greek-stylists, this is your film.

—Kent Smith

Passion for Bondage

(Black and Blue Video) While bondage tapes are rarely known for their high quality or swift storylines, *Passion for Bondage* is



actually a slick and well-made little B&D production that even nonbondage freaks will enjoy. Not only does this shot-on-video effort have the usual scenes of leather-drenched spanking and nipple-biting, it also possesses a few surprises. There is, for example, a sizzling lesbian romp between Cara Lott and Erica Boxer, as well as a segment featuring tornado

cunt Tantala, wherein the Amazon actress rapidly blows out a line of four burning candles with her twitching twat. From hot girl/girl lovemaking to interesting and innovative uses of bondage gear, this tape's just pure-and-dirty fun.

—K. S.

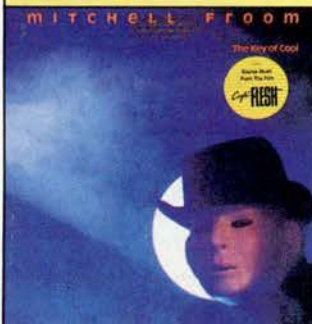
Creme D' Femme #1

(Adult Video Corporation) Here we begin another line of vids devoted to man's favorite masturbatory kink, lesbianism. There is nothing but women on this tape, folks, but don't wet your shorts yet. Some of these screen mongrels haven't been seen for years, and for good reason. *Creme D' Femme #1* is a collection of old girl/girl scenes from Lord-knows-what films or loops that must have been lying around the AVC warehouse. Aside from the dismal picture quality, however, there is a fair smattering of pussy-licking, tit-fondling, finger-fucking and all-around hot lesbo action here. But with the exception of Rhonda Jo Petty (and a few other former "stars"), the faces and asses of *Creme's* cast are

Cafe Musique

A soundtrack LP to a porn flick, you say? Well, the impossible has materialized in the form of *The Key of Cool* by avant-garde musician Mitchell Froom. What *The Key* really is, though, is the background music to the X-rated cult masterpiece *Cafe Flesh*, the 1982 hard-core black comedy about life (and sex) after the Bomb. Distributed by Warner Brothers Records, *The Key of Cool* is not only a weird and wonderfully erotic album to fuck by, it's also pretty good just to listen to.

—L.M.F.



'Raffaelli': Mike Ranger receives a taste of pleasure from a lovely blond friend.



Year of the Laser

The word *laser* stands for light amplification by simulated emission of radiation. But to hell with such technicalities. In 1984 lasers are responsible for state-of-the-art X-rated home viewing. Though the production and distribution of laser discs began a couple of years ago, the industry is just now beginning to burgeon. And at the forefront is *Image Entertainment Inc.*, a Los Angeles-based company that has announced the release of 16 uncut, hard-core features.

When *Image* first experimented with a *soft-core* version of *Insatiable*—the 1980 porn classic starring Marilyn Chambers—Pioneer Electronics, the only company in the country with the facilities to produce laser discs, was ap-

prehensive. Actually, *Insatiable* caused no real shit-storm of criticism in the video industry; so *Image* went one step farther and released last year's Chambers film, *Up 'n' Coming*—this time in hard-core. The latter disc also sold well with little or no industry backlash or boycotting of Pioneer products. Since then, *Image* has beefed up its laser line to include such noteworthy titles as *Debbie Does Dallas*, *The Ecstasy Girls*, *Bad Girls*, *Rockin' With Seka*, *Outlaw Ladies* and *I Like to Watch*, among others.

If you've got the right title, porn viewing on laser is bone-stiffening because of the excellent picture and sound quality laser technology provides. For more information on *Image's* expanding line of videodiscs, call its toll-free number: (800) 421-4585, or in California, call (213) 468-8867. It's the future of home-porn entertainment.



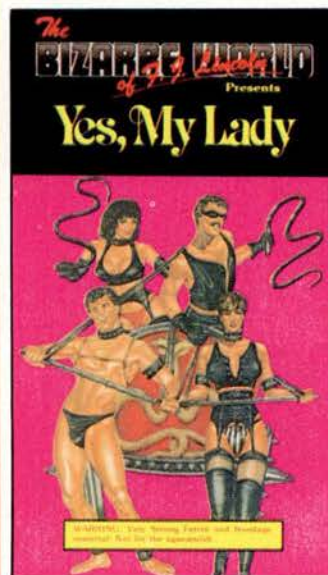
best forgotten. We're certain there will be more titles in this sapphic series, but we don't think the people at *Lipstik Video* (*Computer Girls*, *Woman X Four*, *Outlaw Women* and the incredible *Aerobisex Girls*) have much to fear in the way of lesbian-fare competition.

—K. S.

Yes, My Lady

(Video Home Library) Sex-film director extraordinaire F. J. Lin-

coln (*That's Outrageous*, *Maneaters*) takes a stab at videotaped bondage with *Yes, My Lady*—a definite break from the X-rated feature-length motion picture medium that's made the veteran filmmaker one of the most respected artists in the industry. Lincoln utilizes the carnal talents of porn heavyweights like Sharon Kane, Tiffany Clark and Michael Bruce to carry across the theme that sexual



bondage is painful—but also hedonistically erotic. The premise is well established, but the action doesn't fully support Lincoln's conclusions. With the exception of a submission/lesbian sequence between Kane and Clark, the "exquisite pain" of bondage is never visually realized to its fullest. Hence *Yes, My Lady* is still a bit of a disappointment, but nevertheless a noble attempt from a man whose boundless pornographic imagination has given all of us—at one time or another—something to wet-dream about.

—K. S.

Golden Girls #12

(Caballero Control Corporation) "I'm so horny, I just can't wait until my boyfriend comes home. Would you mind if I eat your pussy?" As you can see, the 12th edition of the much-applauded *Golden Girls* loop series retreads the same old fuck-and-suck stupidity that only true raincoaters can appreciate. In this offering, Laurie Smith—every bonestroker's favorite mindless bim-



ette—laps her friend's snatch before diving onto Frank James's healthy-size cock. Elsewhere on this hour-long tape, porn's "hedgehog," Ron Jeremy, soaks a no-name newcomer's face with his jizz and then jams his bone into Jacqueline Lorian—a lovely who's so lethargic that she almost qualifies for the Bridgette Monet Award for Most Boring Onscreen Lover. For all its faults, however, this *Golden Girl* selection could—under ideal circumstances—still induce a hard-on.

—K. S.

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

James Dean

By Beulah and Sanford Roth; Pomegranate Artbooks, P.O. Box 713, Corte Madera, CA 94925; \$24.

Writer Beulah Roth and photographer Sanford Roth were longtime friends of James Dean, perhaps Hollywood's most infectious and enigmatic personality. *James Dean* is a collaboration of sorts, bringing together the literary recollections of Beulah and the photographic creations of Sanford. And these two work exceptionally well together; this publication is absolutely breathtaking.

As you page through this big 10½" × 16" glossy book with scores of black-and-white enlargements (most of them are candid, but some are stills from Dean's films), you're struck over and over again by the one-of-a-kind photogenic quality



The many faces and moods of this pop/cult figure are extensively and beautifully photographed in *'James Dean.'*

this young man possessed. He was catlike both in his mannerisms and appearance. No matter how he was photographed—from just lounging against a wall to tautly spinning a lasso or from pounding out a melody on the bongo drums to clowning around with a wooden puppet—he was a kitten, a pussycat and most of all—way down deep—a tiger. Fast reflexes, certainty and assurance—Dean had everything. But he pushed too hard. You will feel this when you see the picture of the Porsche in which he died.

Beulah Roth's fine text is written in English, French and Japanese. Quite fitting, I would say, for a character whose uni-

versal personality transcends the limitations of language. *James Dean* is a real collector's item. Pick it up.

Visions of Vietnam

By James N. McJunkin and Max D. Crace; Presidio Press, 31 Pamaron Way, Novato, CA 94947; \$25.

Visions of Vietnam is one of the most beautiful books you will ever hold in your hands. Yet there's something I don't like about it. McJunkin's photography is superb—sometimes awesome. As for Crace, the artist, any one of his remarkable drawings is worth a thousand of my words. In short, the book is an eye-ful—a visual remembrance of a time this country will struggle to forget for all history. But—and this is where my beef comes in—it's not really accurate. From looking carefully at this book, one would have to conclude that Vietnam was a white man's war; that the dead were nameless, soulless entities simply referred to as the Enemy; and that the only true Vietnamese citizens were women, children and old men.

If you are a dedicated career soldier or an ROTC kid with dreams of apocalyptic glory, this is your kind of book. For the rest of us, like my lowly self, it's a beautifully constructed, finely detailed, oh-so-lovely lie.

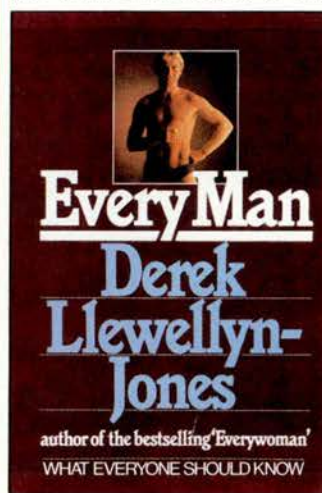
Every Man

By Derek Llewellyn-Jones; Peter Bedrick Books, 125 E. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010; \$18.95.

We all know that women have to go through that *monthly* thing—not to mention the exquisite pain of childbirth. But what about *men*? We've got troubles too, folks. Who the hell takes the time to try and understand us? Well, Derek Llewel-

lyn-Jones does, and in his perceptive effort, *Every Man*, he covers the male of the species from head to toe—mentally, physically, sociologically, psychologically and emotionally. And considering the gender of the author, he does it with surprising objectivity.

Llewellyn-Jones insightfully explores the stresses and strains the modern male has to un-



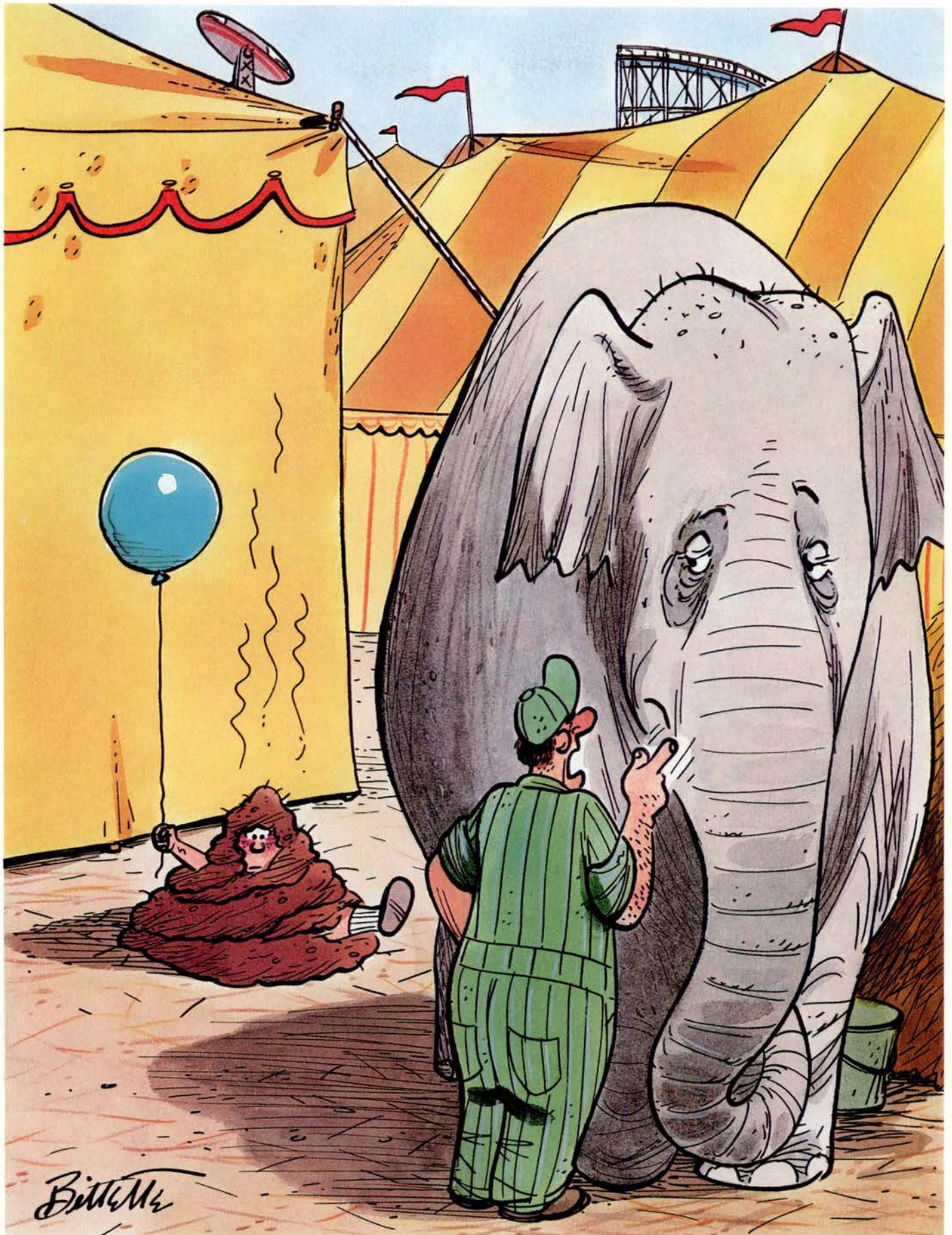
dergo in the womb, at birth and through all life's changes—home, school, job, sex, old age—the works. Naturally, the monologue tends to generalize, but it never fails to make sense.

There are two significant highlights in the book. First, in his discussion of orgasm, Llewellyn-Jones reveals that the pleasure peak—that great moment of release—lasts, at maximum, *two seconds*. "For this momentary pleasure," he writes, "many a man has traveled many a mile." Boy, does *that* hit home! The other tidbit has to do with reducing the disabilities of aging. Very simply, Llewellyn-Jones lectures that we should eat sensibly, see a doctor regularly, exercise and, above all, keep the mind occupied. The male, he says, must remain curious about life and passionate about causes. Hell, that's top advice for staying alive at *any* age!

Thanks, Derek. . . .



'James Dean': A moment of reflection in the life of a Hollywood legend.



"Ba-a-a-d boy!"

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AN INTIMATE
CONVERSATION WITH

RON JEREMY & MAI LIN

Hard-core's Hottest Duo

by Lonn M. Friend

A young, platinum-blond patient lies totally nude on the doctor's examining table. Her face flushes with anticipation as a mustachioed man in a white medical jacket enters the room accompanied by a lean, sexy Oriental nurse. Almost immediately, as doctor and nurse begin removing their clothes, it becomes obvious that what's about to transpire is anything but a conventional physical examination.

Within moments the nurse is sucking on the doctor's huge cock as she straddles the naked patient, fingering her pussy. Then the positions change, and the nurse voraciously tongues the blonde's neatly shaven cunt. Stimulated by this activity, the patient grabs the doctor's rod and begins sucking on it herself.

Before long the doctor is entering the nurse from behind while the nurse is leaning over the patient, who is now on her back being eaten again by the doctor's eager assistant. "Harder, Doctor," the nurse screams in ecstasy as he continues to plunge inside her. "Oh, yeah. That's it. Ahhh!"

"Fuck her now," the nurse commands, and the doctor eagerly follows orders. The nurse, meanwhile, has seated herself on the blonde's face and is writhing in rapture-anticipating

the climax of doctor and patient as their movements intensify. Suddenly, the doctor pulls out, and a burst of cum gushes onto the patient's quivering belly. The nurse hungrily licks the liquid off the blonde's stomach, and the trio finally collapse in exhaustion.

"Great! Cut!" shouts a voice from behind the cameras. "Let's take a break."

"Doctor" Ron Jeremy, "nurse" Mai Lin and "patient" Danielle couldn't be happier. The shooting of that single scene for the X-rated feature film *Inspirations* took nearly three hours. But for veteran porn performers like Jeremy and Mai Lin, it was all in a day's work.

Between the two of them, they have starred in more than 300 hard-core productions. Some were simply ten-minute, 8mm loops. Others were high-budget, feature-length 35mm porn epics. But whatever the project, these two professional lovemakers have never failed to give their all.

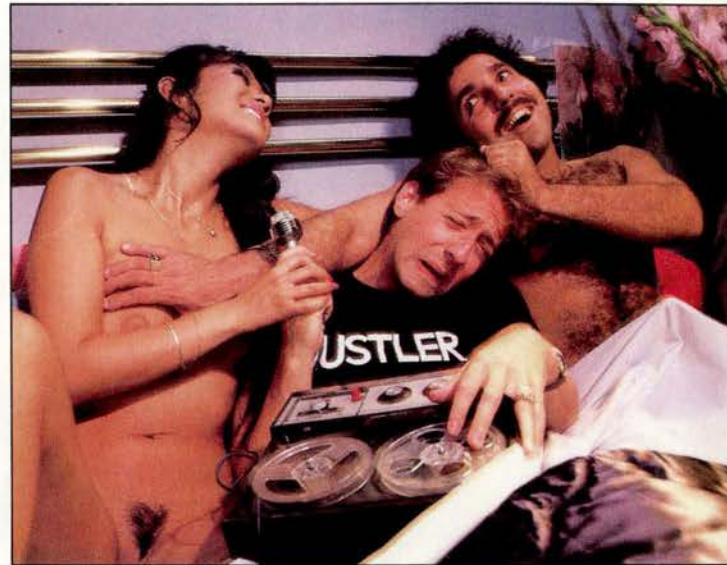
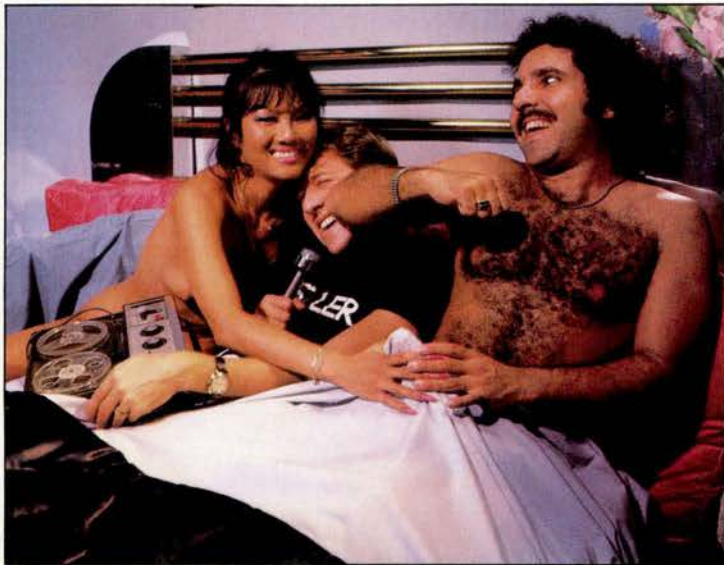
In the past six years Ron Jeremy has starred in more porn flicks than any other performer in the business. His believability as an actor—as well as his extremely large penis—have won him roles in such well-received films as *Suzie Superstar*, *Smoker*, *Mascara* and

Scoundrels, playing everything from an insecure businessman to a sleazy vice-squad cop. Most recently Jeremy not only starred in, but also was the assistant director on *Bad Girls II*, a sequel to the 1981 porn classic in which he was cast as a perverted Boy Scout.

Despite his blue-movie reputation, Jeremy hopes that one day he'll be able to cross over into legitimate films. He holds a bachelor's degree in theater, a master's degree in special education, and while growing up in his native New York City, he performed in several off-Broadway productions.

Mai Lin, on the other hand, has a completely different attitude about the porn business. It's always been a hobby—something to do "for fun." To put it bluntly, she's a nymphomaniac who couldn't get fucked enough in her personal life and decided to tackle a profession that could satisfy her insatiable appetite—and offer a substantial income as well.

Since the mid-1970s Mai Lin has starred in a number of features: *Sexcapades*, *American Desire* and *Wicked Sensations*, among other scorchers. Her scene with the legendary Johnny "Wadd" Holmes in 1980's *Prisoner of Paradise* is considered by many to be one of



***“I really love
the natural
taste and
smell of
a woman’s
pussy.”
—Ron Jeremy***

the truly great ball-burners of all time.

When we discovered that Jeremy and Mai Lin had performed together both offscreen as well as on—and that they are, without a doubt, two of the most talkative stars in the business—we decided to send HUSTLER Entertainment Editor Lonn M. Friend on the impossible mission of conducting a coherent and enlightening conversation with them. The result was not only illuminating, but shocking and downright hilarious—and a lot of off-the-wall fun.

* * *

HUSTLER: The two of you have seen it all and done it all in numerous sex-saturated productions. What’s the hottest scene you’ve performed?

JEREMY: The hottest thing I ever did was for a still shooting, not an X-rated film. I was working with Marilyn Chambers on her *Love Positions* book. The sex was only supposed to be simulated, but I got a little carried away. The photographer kept spotting my cock in his lens and saying, “Ronnie, you’ve got to hide it!” And that’s just what I did. I hid it in the middle of Marilyn’s sweet cunt—just slid it right in. I didn’t even have to lubricate her. She was as wet as a swamp.

MAI LIN: I can top that. Four years ago I did a picture called *Mai Lin Versus Serena*. In the final scene Serena and I have this contest: Whoever fucks the most guys over a weekend gets the starring role in an adult film. So I’m in this pink bathtub, and about 40 guys in masks hop in and start fucking me. I’m sucking on as many cocks as I can, and they’re sticking it into any hole they can find.

There was so much cum in the bathtub by the end of the scene, the tub got slippery. That was the hardest movie I’ve done.

HUSTLER: Did you get off in that scene?

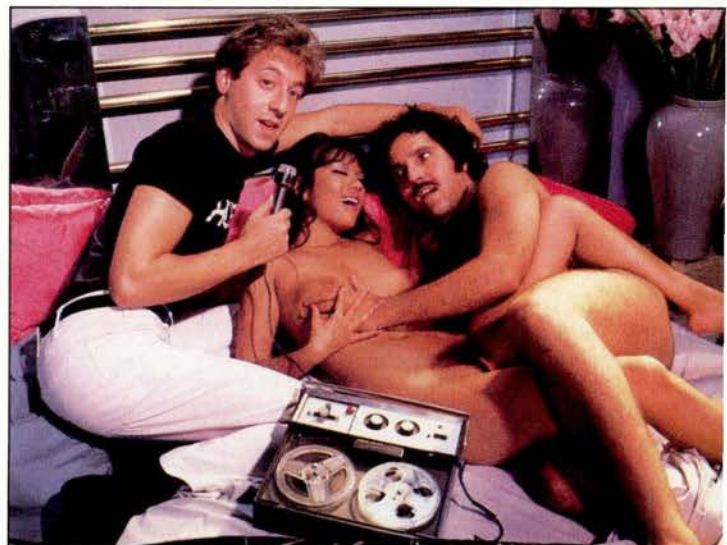
MAI LIN: Get off? When the cameras stopped rolling, I was still horny and didn’t want to stop. So I said, “Whoever wants to fuck me, come and get it!” And they did! I fucked the whole film crew.

HUSTLER: You weren’t in that film, were you, Ron?

JEREMY: Thank goodness, no. But I’ve worked with Mai Lin on- and offscreen. In fact, I think we’ve been together more times off-camera. Once I followed a succession of about 11 guys at a Hugh Hefner party. The first thing I saw was this pussy full of dripping cum.

MAI LIN: It wasn’t full until you stuck your big cock in there. And when you did, I remember the cum spurting out into the Jacuzzi water.

JEREMY: Yeah, it was in that giant Jacuzzi at Hef’s mansion. I call it a “bubble douche.”





MAI LIN: You were pissed off because I saved you for last. You really didn't mind sticking your dick into all that strange cum, did you?

JEREMY: I thought it was nauseating.

MAI LIN: I thought it was hilarious.

HUSTLER: What kind of lover is Ron?

MAI LIN: He's wonderful. But John Holmes is the most romantic person I've ever performed with. I was the last person John worked with before he went to prison a couple of years ago. He ate pussy so good.

JEREMY: Wait a minute! I'm just as good a cunt-eater as Holmes. In fact, I'll prove it right now. [Jeremy proceeds to spread Mai Lin's legs and insert his tongue.]

HUSTLER: How does that feel, Mai Lin?

MAI LIN: Oooh . . . yeah. Ronnie's good because he does just what he's told. He knows I like the area right below my clit and to the sides—yeah, that's it. Very good, baby.

HUSTLER: Excuse the interruption, but how does Mai Lin's pussy taste?

JEREMY: Very nice. I really love the nat-

ural taste and smell of a woman's pussy. I don't like when it's gone too long without being douched—or if the girl's just been with the Green Bay Packers.

MAI LIN: My pussy is great. I love my pussy. I've been trying to learn how to eat myself for the last three years, and I can get within two inches now. But it's not that frustrating, because I've got fantastic fingers, and I love to play with myself. I masturbate all the time. I think I started when I was about four years

old. I had this teddy bear I used to play with and shove between my legs. My parents would always tell me to stop, but I'd just ignore them. As a kid I'd masturbate three or four hours a day. When I got horny in school or in a grocery store, I'd run to the ladies' room and get myself off in two minutes. There's really nothing better than playing with yourself.

HUSTLER: What about you, Ron? You possess the extraordinary talent of being able to suck yourself off. Is that a form of masturbation for you?

JEREMY: I don't think it's masturbation, but it *is* kinky. I've done it in several films—*Inside Seka*, *Centerfold Fever*, *Sulka's Wedding*, *The Devil in Miss Jones II*, *Lips and Fascination*. But I don't really enjoy it. I'm not bisexual; so while half of me might be somewhat enjoying the lips, the other half of me is screaming, "Hey, schmuck, there's a dick in your face. Get it the fuck out!" Marc "10½" Stevens and John Holmes—who are both bigger than me, by the way—have asked me to teach them

(continued on page 132)

*"I like
Ron's big
dick as well,
but that's
not for
everyday
use."
—Mai Lin*



MANDY

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH



Photography by Clive McLean



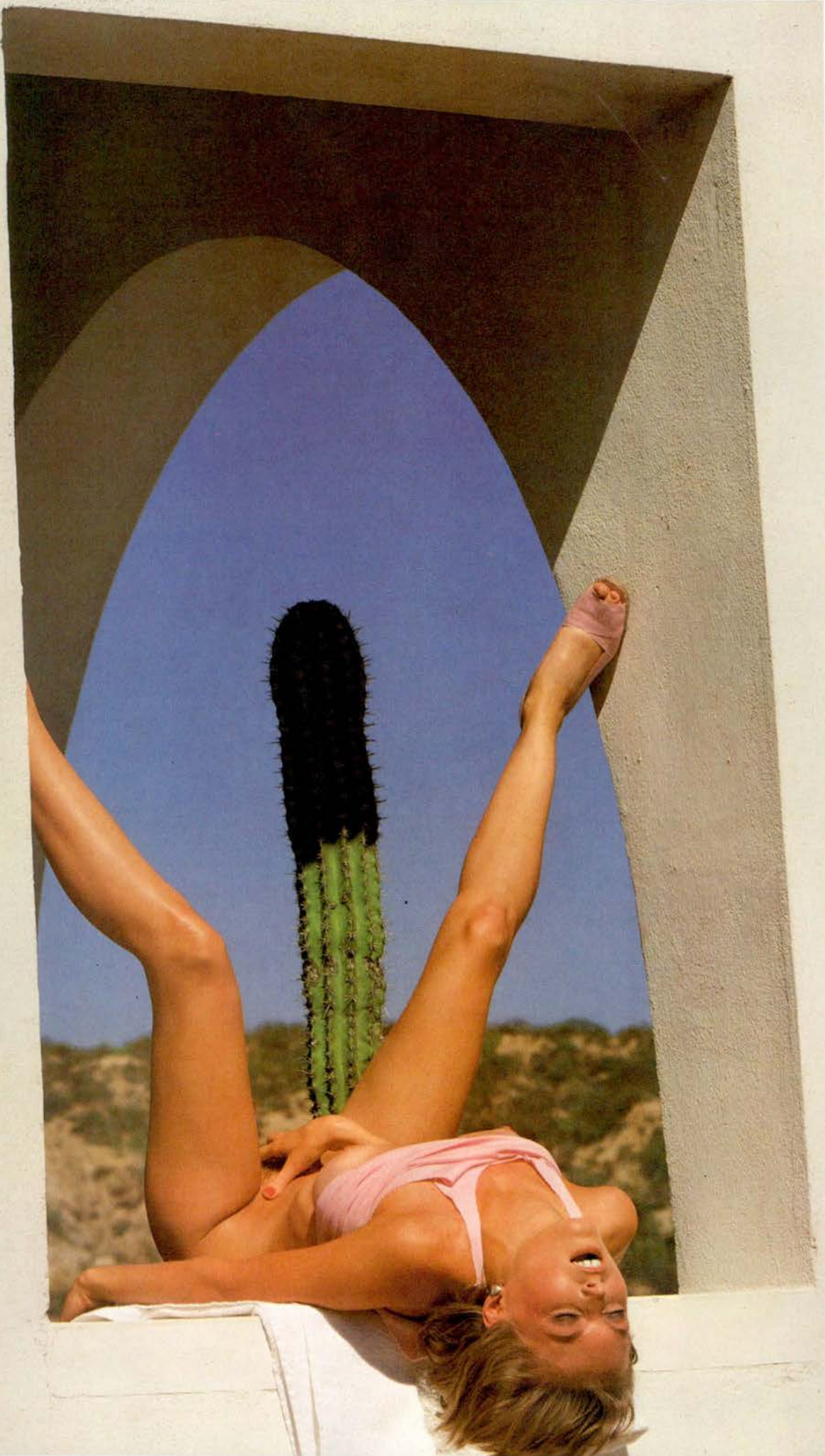








Twenty-three-year-old Mandy was overjoyed when HUSTLER decided to photograph her on the beaches of Cabo San Lucas. "Chicago seems like a million miles away from here," she said, referring to her hometown. Although Mandy admitted she seldom gets to the beach, the sun and surf clearly agree with her. "There's something very sensuous about sunbathing," she told us while luxuriating in this fabulous Baja California resort. "The idea of stroking warm oil into your skin and then letting the sun heat you up all over is about as close to true sexual pleasure as you can come without a partner. But, oh," she says, her eyes sparkling with mischief, "what I could do with a partner here!"





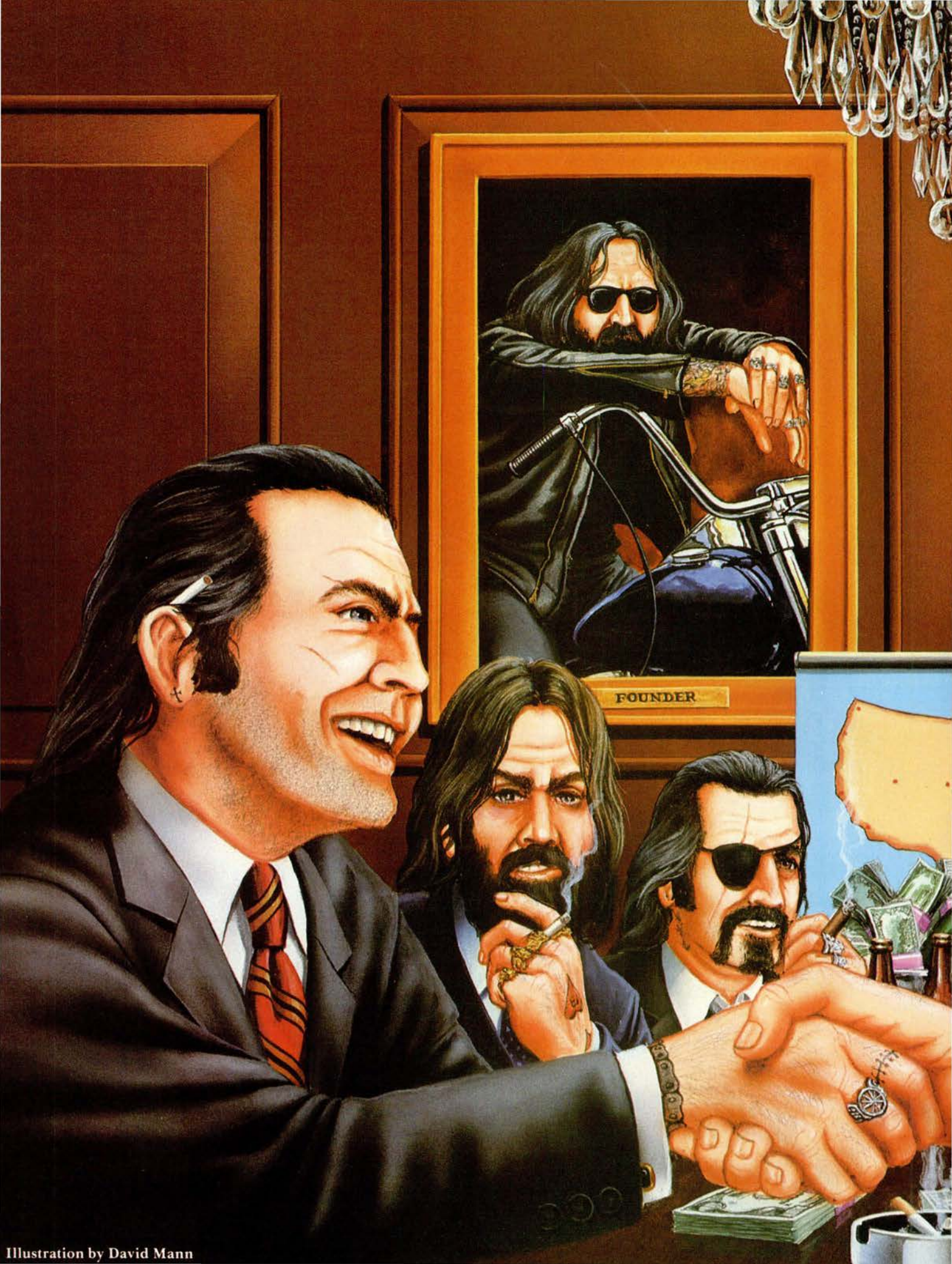
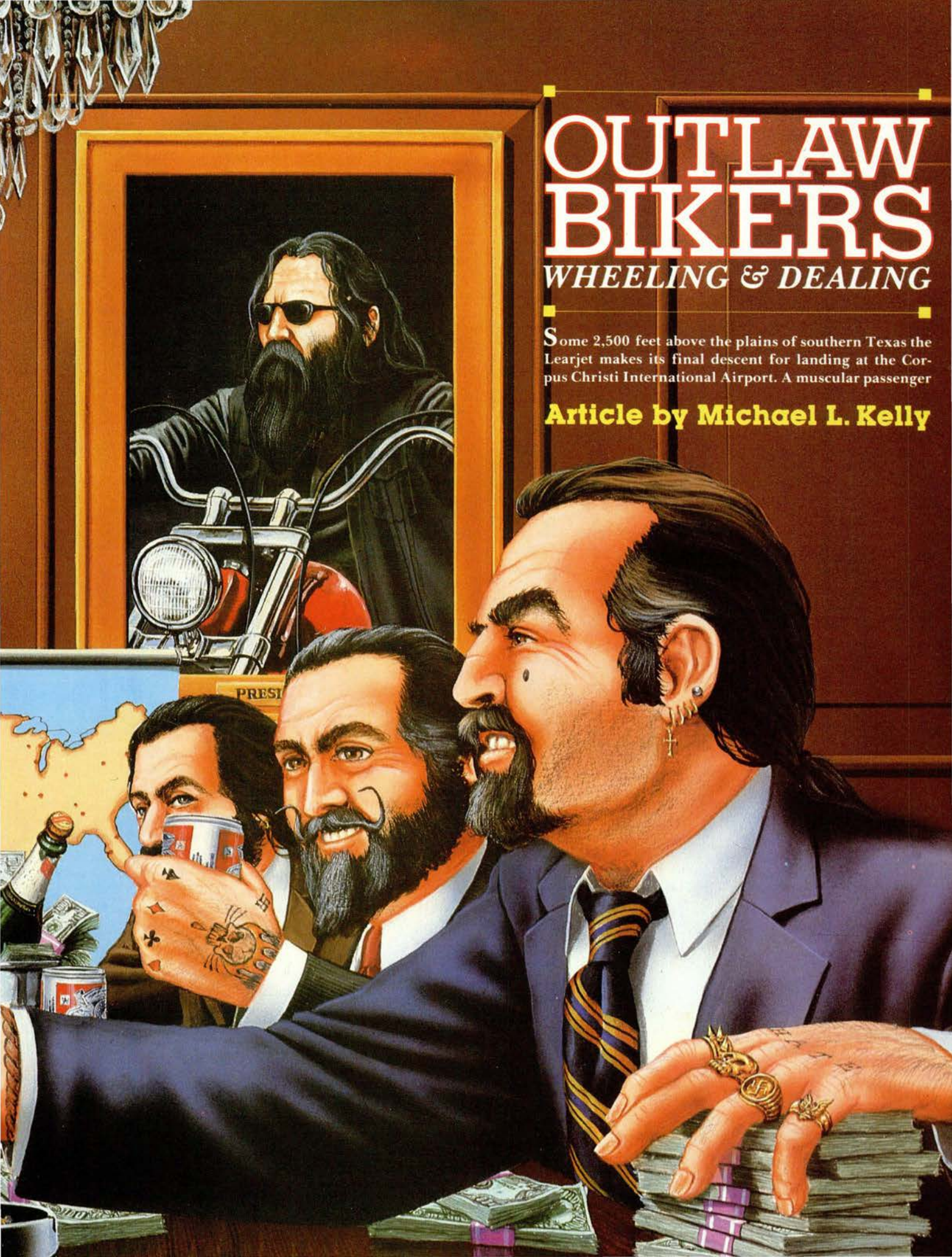


Illustration by David Mann



OUTLAW BIKERS

WHEELING & DEALING

Some 2,500 feet above the plains of southern Texas the Learjet makes its final descent for landing at the Corpus Christi International Airport. A muscular passenger

Article by Michael L. Kelly

OUTLAW BIKERS (continued from page 51)

Many bikers are shrewdly investing hundreds of millions of dollars earned from drug dealing and prostitution.

jots some last-minute notations in a ledger before closing his leather-belted attache case and twirling its combination locks. He could easily pass for a typical corporate executive on the way up, but beneath his three-piece suit is a knife-scarred body covered with tattoos. Glancing out of the plane's window, he looks fondly at the lights of South Padre Island Drive—the main “cruise” where he regularly rides with other members of the Bandidos motorcycle gang.

Driving inches apart in perfect formation, as many as 30 of them at a time rumble down this and other streets of Corpus Christi. Their expressionless faces stare straight ahead as their long hair blows in the wind. Defiantly they fly their “colors”—the insignia stitched on the backs of their ragged, grease-stained denim cutoff jackets. The skin on their exposed chests and arms, tattooed with sinister markings, adds to the impression that they're a mean, vicious-looking bunch of guys. So do their headbands, oversize dark glasses, oil-soaked jeans and heavy leather boots.

But it's their striped and customized bikes that set the Bandidos apart. No im-

ported Japanese scooters for these badasses. They pilot the one-and-only man's bike, belching Harley-Davidson 74s. The men look like Neanderthals from hell. Their motorcycles resemble fine art.

Over the past several years there has been an influx of a whole new breed of renegade bikers—people who are businessmen and lawyers, college-educated and politically aware. They have the anti-social mind-set and love for the wild side of life that's a prerequisite for the motorcycle world. But they also possess unusual business savvy.

While unenlightened observers still think they're just a bunch of rowdy misfits who kill each other in bars or rape and maim innocent bystanders, many members of the six big clubs—the Hell's Angels®, Outlaws, Bandidos, Gypsy Jokers, Pagans and Dirty Dozen—are shrewdly investing hundreds of millions of dollars earned from drug dealing and prostitution, activities in which they rank second only to the Mob. Quietly they're moving into legitimate businesses, such as limousine services, auto-repair shops, restaurants, tattoo parlors, boutiques, con-

struction companies, plant nurseries and upholstering shops. They dress fashionably and join the local chamber of commerce.

Police estimate that these six gangs consist of approximately 5,000 hard-core members and 10,000 associates. The danger they pose to all of us lies in the unmistakable parallels that exist between the activities of today's outlaw bikers and the Mob tactics of an earlier era—cruel and terrifying murder, total disregard for laws and society, and the single-minded pursuit of criminal objectives.

* * *

For almost 40 years American bikers have been alternately viewed as both dangerous, antisocial misfits and the last of a vanishing breed of individualists. Much of their negative reputation stems from a July 4, 1947, incident in Hollister, California, when the Boozefighters—a group of World War II veterans who later helped found the Hell's Angels—established the standard for outrageous biker behavior.

Their drunken day-long rampage encompassed bloody fistfights, terrorizing local women, peppering innocent bystanders with rock barrages and verbal abuse, and using bikes as battering rams to wreck the interiors of several bars. Sensationalized press coverage of these excesses inspired *The Wild One*, a film starring Marlon Brando as an upstanding biker leader and Lee Marvin as his obnoxious rival. In the wake of its huge box-office success, gangs began to form everywhere there were motorcycle riders.

The first official record of a modern-day biker gang dates back to 1950, when the Hell's Angels—named for a crack World War II fighter squadron—drew up their original charter in Fontana, California. The Angels established most of the precedents for the biker-gang lifestyle—from overt displays of macho courage to engaging in wild sexual escapades. The press collaborated, often exaggerating these activities to make the gangs appear even more sinister and outlandish than they were.

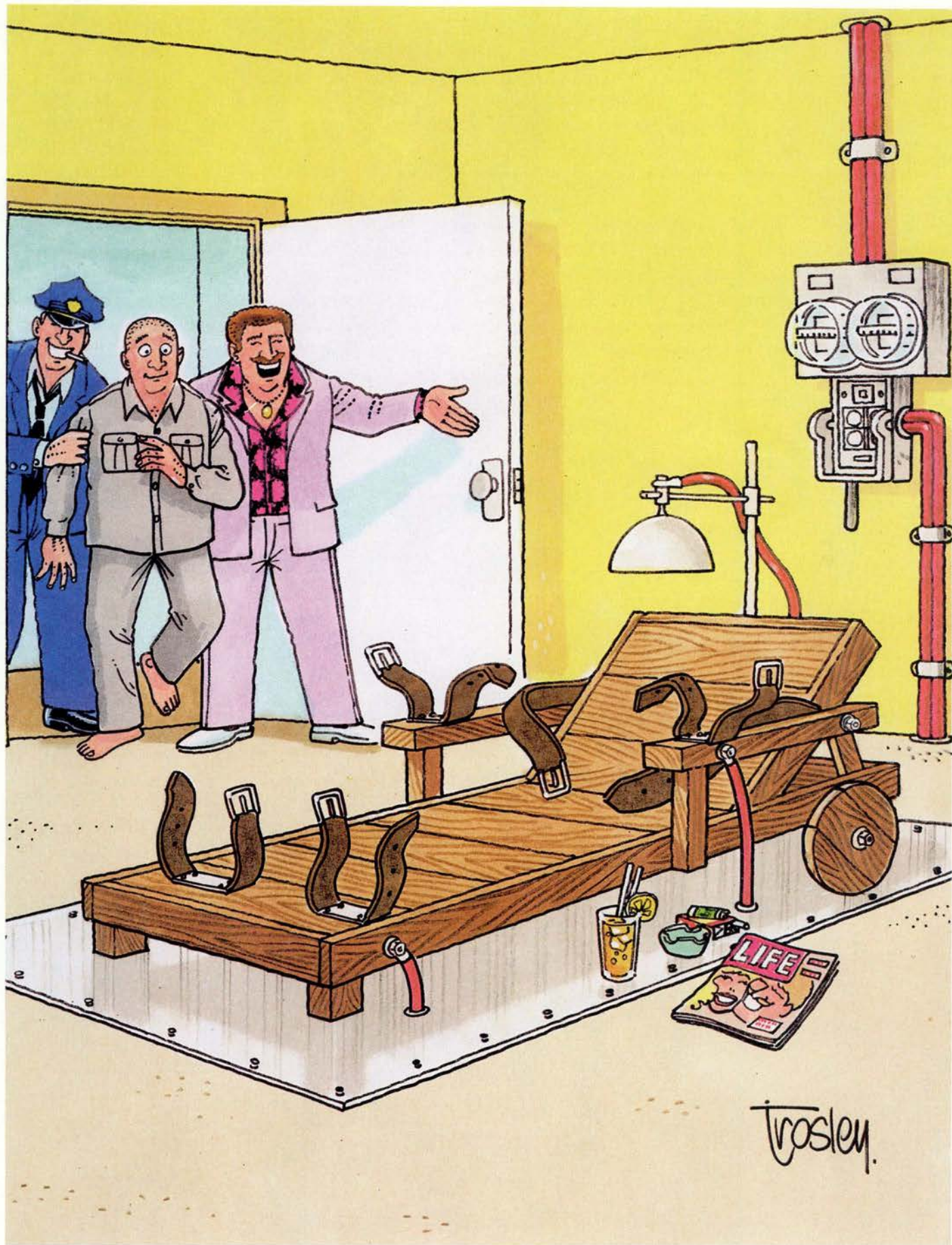
But their notoriety for terrible violence was all too real. Fighting was an outlet for their seething hostilities. As the more easygoing of them slowly drifted back into the straight world, a hard core of incurably bitter and alienated marauders was left behind. And vicious assaults—often frenzied mob attacks on hapless victims—became the norm.

The Los Angeles area soon emerged as the spawning ground for many ominously named clubs, including the Coffin Cheaters, Heathens, Iron Horsemen, Comancheros and Satan's Slaves. But the most bizarre of these new groups, the Gypsy Jokers, had its headquarters in the Bay

continued on page 58



"We're playing doctor. I'm gonna give Jeannie an unnecessary hysterectomy."



"At this prison we try to be a little more laid back...."



TATTOOING

THE LIVING ART

Our word *tattoo* comes from the Tahitian word *tatau*, but it means the same thing in any language: the fixture of a permanent figure or design upon the body by the insertion of a pigment beneath the skin. Although they've never enjoyed a particularly good reputation in the West—tattoos were largely associated with sailors, carnival freaks and other “uncivilized” persons, and, more recently, with nonconformists—there is increasing evidence that this ancient art is gaining a new acceptance and appreciation. Archaeological findings indicate that tattooing was practiced pretty much worldwide as long as 8,000 years ago, give or take a millenium. Examinations of ancient mummies reveal the Egyptians' knowledge of tattooing, as do the pottery, artwork and other excavated remains of other peoples and societies that faded from existence long before the rise of the Roman Empire. How man first discovered the art of applying permanent design to his skin is a mystery.

A good guess would be that tattooing



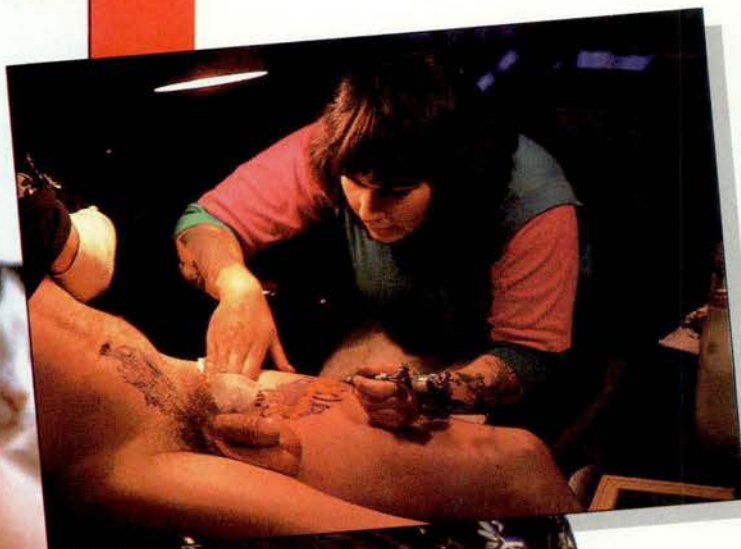


with pigments (colors) developed from the practice of painting ritualistic images and designs on the surface of the skin.

Why primitive man began tattooing his body is an easier question to answer. Status in society is generally defined by appearance: what we wear. This was as true for primitive man as it is for us today, only in his case the designer original he wore was permanent. As mythologist Joseph Campbell explains, "Where people are naked, it is the body itself that must be changed." Additionally, the tattoo represented magic to the primitive tribesman. It was a device to externalize internal beliefs and desires.

Although Westerners lost touch with tattooing, it survived in Asia and the South Pacific islands. Sailors and travelers to these exotic lands returned sporting examples of this "new" form of body decoration, which in those days was considered little more than disfigurement. But the men who wore them carried—forever—a bit of the magic of places they had visited.

Considering the history of the practice, what we now call tattooing developed relatively quickly. Over the past 100 years the application of skin illustrations has taken giant strides in technique and form. Electricity made possible the tattoo gun, which today has been improved and fine-tuned to a level of performance light years beyond that of its older cousin in use only 30 years ago. There's also been a tremendous advance in the application and use of color. Thirty, even 20, years ago a person who wanted a tattoo had a choice



of three colors: red, blue and green. The pigments were often impure, and the colors tended to fade with age. Today just about any color imaginable is available, and the higher-quality pigments ensure the durability of the image.

These improvements, coupled with a growing interest in body decoration, have taken the tattoo out of its limited domain and given it wider exposure. Plus there is a new magazine devoted entirely to tattoos, the people who wear them and the artists who apply them. Put out by McMullen Publishing of Anaheim, California, it's called, appropriately, *Tattoo*. Interviews, articles and dazzling photos—several of which are reproduced here—fill the pages of this magazine aimed at inspiring America out of the tattoo closet.

So step right up, ladies and gents; there's nothing to fear. It won't hurt a bit. 🐼

Photography courtesy of *Tattoo* magazine, Lyle Tuttle Studios and Roy Boy's Place Inc.

OUTLAW BIKERS (continued from page 52)

Every pimple-faced punk who heard about the Angels started saving for a down payment on a Harley Hog.

Area. A clique of half-crazed lunatics, they prowled the rain-soaked streets of San Francisco wearing disintegrating fur coats and Nazi helmets.

In the beginning, motorcycle clubs drifted casually into petty crime. Guys who didn't even own motorcycles stole auto parts that they swapped or sold. Some clubs developed what years later became known in the trade as "chop shops"—places that sold stolen auto parts by the piece.

Until the 1960s many of the clubs' leaders were tough—but not too strong on organization. Then a brash young kid who was smart and shrewd—Ralph "Sonny" Barger—became president of the Hell's Angels' Oakland chapter.

The Angels were already the premier biker club—the wildest, ugliest, meanest bunch of rogues on two wheels. But Sonny had plans to make the group bigger, wilder, meaner—and more powerful. He encouraged brothers from the San Bernardino area to come up en masse and join them. Oakland police at that time were a lot less antagonistic toward bikers; so it was a natural haven.

On Labor Day weekend 1964 the Hell's

Angels, Satan's Slaves and Gypsy Jokers pulled together for a big run. They came from all over California to descend on the tranquil coastal town of Monterey, where the usual drinking, checking out old friends and meeting new ones soon got under way. The bulk of the bikers partied in and around a little bar called Nick's, where quite a few fascinated locals watched the show. Two young girls came in with some boys, and they too just hung out for a while.

But later, when the Angels headed out to a nearby campsite, the girls and their boyfriends tagged along. It wasn't long before a few of the Angels were hustling the girls and offering them marijuana. Soon they were romping together in the dunes, where the girls took on a few of the Angels, then got scared when the men wouldn't stop. Their boyfriends took off and called the police. The next morning four Angels were charged with rape.

The California press seized upon this story with wild enthusiasm. State Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch was so inspired by the tales of rape and mayhem that he mounted an investigation, querying law-

enforcement personnel all over California for information on the Hell's Angels.

All charges against the four were eventually dropped when a doctor's examination found no evidence of forcible rape and the court decided the girls' testimony would be unreliable. But that didn't matter to the press—or to Lynch. Six months after it was begun, the Lynch report was released, and by the spring of 1965 the story was a nationwide sensation. The Hell's Angels had become truly notorious—and so had their president, Sonny Barger. Every pimple-faced punk in America who heard about them started saving for a down payment on a Harley Hog.

Newsweek described "their long-haired, foul-smelling and generally filthy condition," with an accompanying photo of Barger, who soon had to get a calendar to keep track of his press interviews. He would rant about police brutality, then claim that all the Angels wanted was peace—and to be left alone.

Strangely enough, Barger's rambling diatribes struck a responsive chord in a lot of people—especially those with blue-collar backgrounds. His desire for an unchanging world where individuals could just be individuals sounded pretty good. The peace movement with its antiwar freaks was just as disturbing to the Angels and their simplistic patriotism as it was to conservative citizens.

In October 1965 they attacked a group of antiwar marchers near the Berkeley-Oakland line. A month later Barger called a press conference and announced that the Angels—in the interest of public safety—would no longer be involved in mere "counterdemonstrations." They had a much more lofty plan in the works.

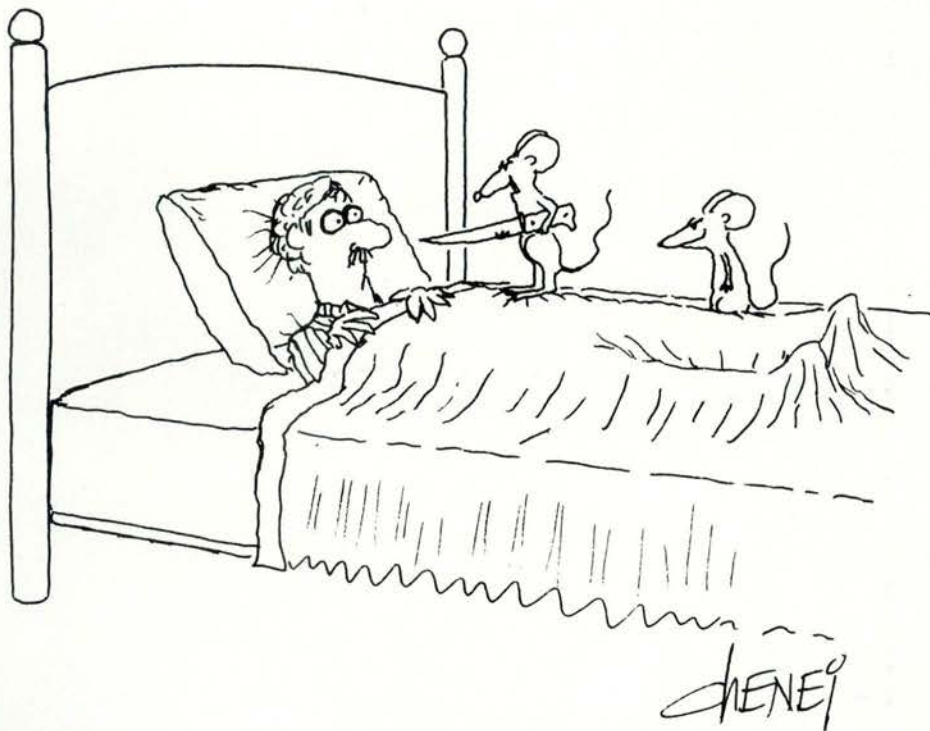
Barger recited from a letter he had just mailed to the President of the United States, Lyndon Johnson. It read: "On behalf of myself and my associates I volunteer a group of loyal Americans for behind-the-lines duty in Vietnam. We feel a crack group of trained guerrillas would demoralize the Viet Cong and advance the cause of freedom. We are available for training and duty immediately." Johnson had enough problems already; so nothing came of the offer. But it wasn't a bad idea.

Soon the Angels started selling illicit drugs, marketing their own brand of marijuana in a distinctive green package. By late 1966 they had begun muscling in on the dope dealers.

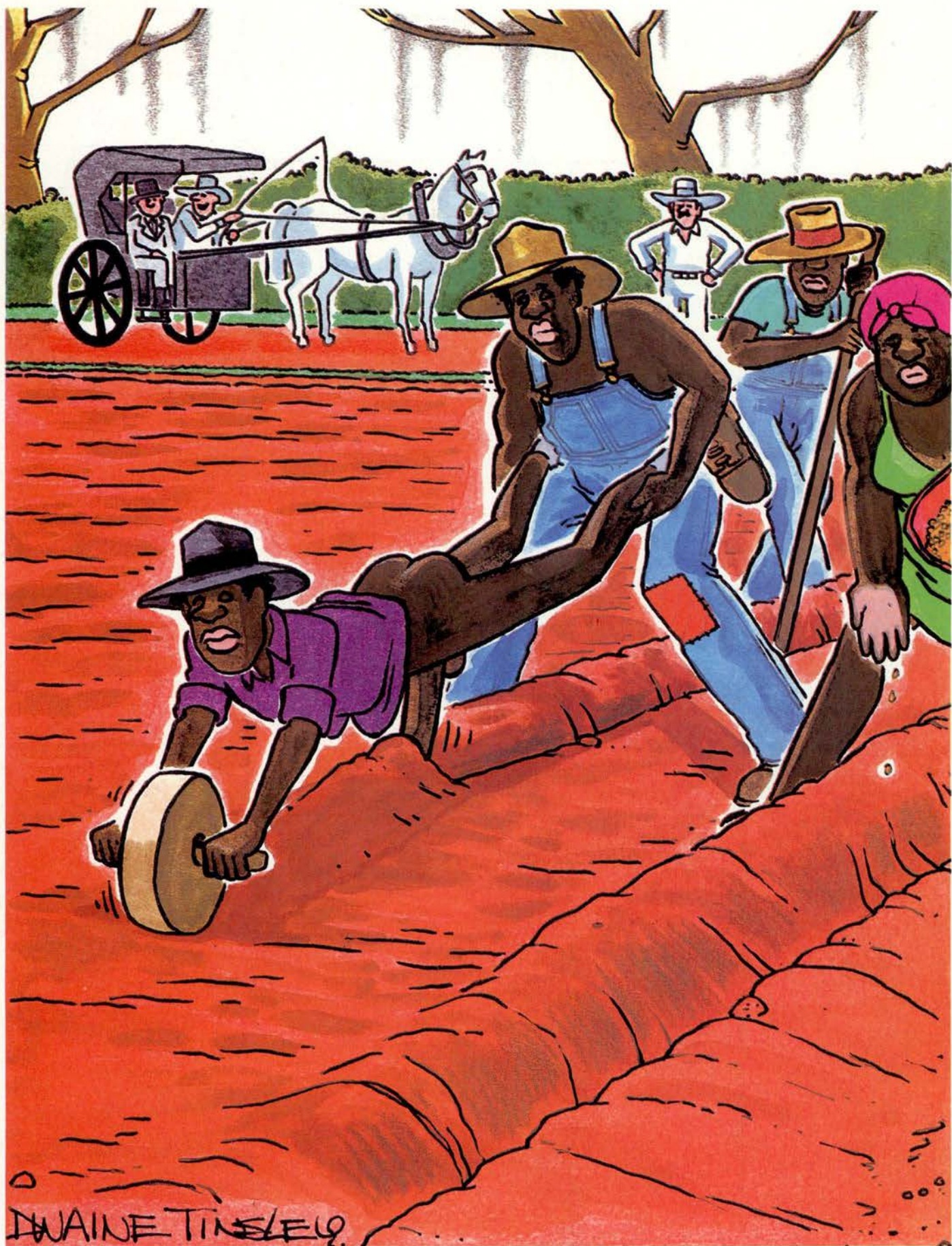
Business was slow at first. The Angels had a lot to learn. They couldn't just beat people up anymore; the guy they wasted might be a customer.

Run-ins with the police increased, and on one occasion Barger himself was busted for marijuana possession and spent some time in the Santa Rita Rehabilita-

continued on page 68



"You the dude with all the dick cheese?"



"I don't know what the South would do without Nigras!"

Steamed Up

















OUTLAW BIKERS (continued from page 58)

Biker-gang expansion was as violent as the era that saw Al Capone battle his way to the top of the underworld.

tion Center. But he ran the club just as efficiently while he was out of circulation.

One thing the major clubs had in common was their growing involvement in illicit business ventures. While the press enthralled the public with lurid tales of sex and violence, the bikers were moving beyond simple theft and burglary into interstate trafficking and fencing, hijacking and local drug dealing. The money wasn't big yet, but it was enough to let them know where the action was.

Throughout the mid-'60s local and regional clubs were forming all over the country. The Warlocks in Pennsylvania gave both the local police and the Pagans a continuous headache. The Hessians first appeared in Las Vegas but began to expand into surrounding areas. Initially, the police were their only problem. But as they started getting into stolen cars and weapons, then expanded into other activities like running dope, the Mob began to keep a wary eye on them.

The Gypsy Jokers, always laboring in the shadow of the showier Hell's Angels, had also become well-organized. And by the late 1960s the Outlaws were almost a

law unto themselves. They had already expanded from Chicago into Joliet, Illinois, and into Wisconsin, Indiana and Missouri. As they spread farther north into Canada, east into Ohio and south into the Carolinas and Florida, the Outlaws developed a sophisticated network for transferring narcotics, weapons and stolen merchandise. They were spread over such a wide area and managed such an airtight operation that the police had no idea what was really going on.

In fact, law enforcement nationwide didn't even understand until the mid-'70s how widespread and organized biker gangs had really become. With the restrictions imposed on them by city and county lines, and the often narrow-minded competition that limited the sharing of information, there was no coordination among departments.

Biker-gang expansion was as bloody and violent as the era that saw Al Capone battle his way to the top of the underworld. Rivalries both inside and outside the Outlaws were usually resolved by shotgun blasts or beatings with chains. The ranks of all the clubs soon swelled

with an influx of returning Vietnam veterans. Morally and spiritually crippled, trained in sophisticated weapons, explosives and guerrilla warfare, these hardened killers were ideal additions for the rough road ahead.

Numerous members of the Aryan Brotherhood, a white-supremacist prison gang consisting exclusively of Caucasians, also joined biker clubs when their sentences were completed. And when they were imprisoned, many bikers immediately joined the Aryan Brotherhood—showing their lifetime allegiance by having the A.B. tattoo incorporated into existing club markings on their bodies.

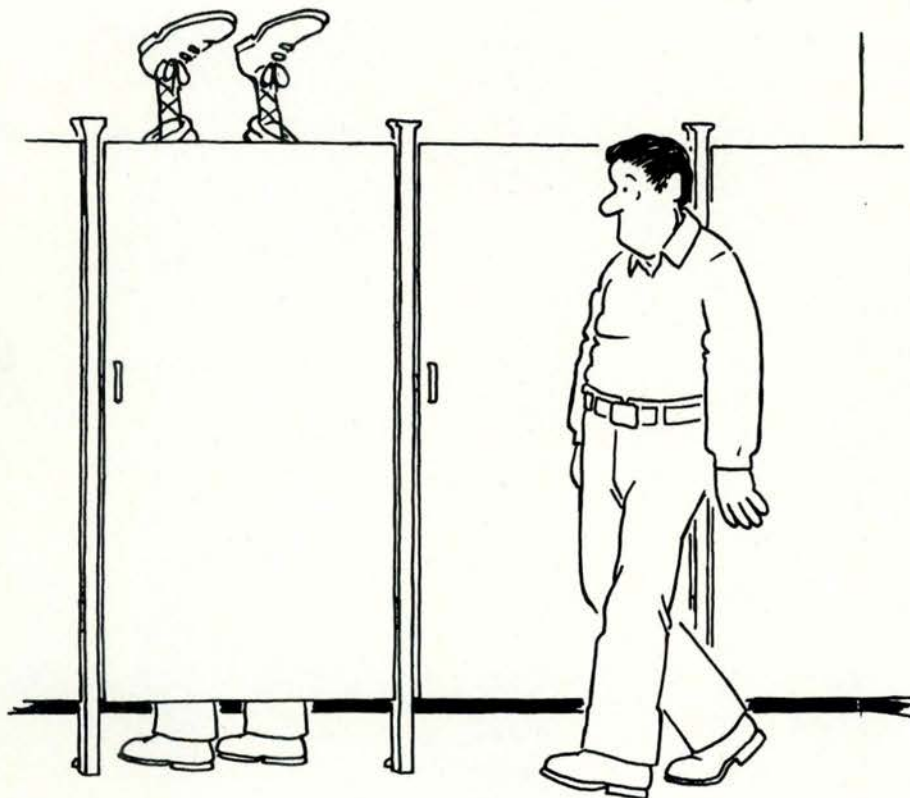
Then along came Donald Eugene Chambers. In 1966 he got a bunch of good-old-boy Texas bikers together in Houston, and the Bandidos roared to life. They quickly muscled into the dope and prostitution operations flourishing in that city's sleazy Strip district. Later they bought into the local topless bars and supplied the women. By the late 1960s the Bandidos not only controlled that area, but were also packing in hundreds of thousands of dollars from drugs and prostitution and laundering it through topless bars and other Bandido-owned businesses.

At the same time the Hell's Angels were leapfrogging eastward, sometimes with very little effort—Ohio, South Carolina, even New York City. The Angels were still the celebrity club, riding in the swirl of myth and fable. Unlike other gangs who would sign up any and all prospects, they wanted only the best and the brightest.

By the end of the decade a couple of new Angels chapters had opened in Canada, bringing the first of many clashes with the Outlaws. The drug trafficking was growing, and the clubs had honor as well as overhead to consider. Open battling soon gave way to hit-and-run attacks—bombings and assassinations.

Each of the heavyweight clubs, meanwhile, was moving into other illegal activities. Guns were a biker favorite. Every macho guy has to have his big iron; so from owning, trading and selling, it was a natural evolution to stealing and trafficking. Dealing in stolen items was well-suited to the mobile biker lifestyle. From cars and motorcycles some clubs in the Midwest and Northeast even graduated into the theft of heavy equipment and farm machinery.

Encroaching into Mob territory, others got involved in prostitution—often beginning by turning out their own old ladies. Prostitution led to an interest in massage parlors, and one club began investing in real estate. Many of these various enterprises developed within individual chapters, but gradually the big five clubs began coordinating crime between chapters.



IWAINE TINSLEY



OUTLAW BIKERS *(continued from page 68)*

Gangs were becoming so powerful that by late 1976 the Outlaws were ready to challenge the Mob head-on.

Today it is mostly controlled from the top.

By the early 1970s the Outlaws, under the leadership of "Stairway Harry" Henderson, their powerful national president, were so tightly organized that the club resembled a mini-IBM. Regional boards ran parts of the country exactly the way any other well-structured American firm would operate.

The Outlaws were into everything the Mob was—with the exception of gambling, sophisticated credit-card scams and some of the more complicated money-laundering schemes. And they were moving aggressively into "torch jobs" (setting fires for insurance proceeds), contract murders and muscle work, as well as heroin and cocaine trafficking.

The club's major achievement was cornering the market on methamphetamines. At first they were just selling; then they got into manufacturing. By 1971 the Outlaws had lawyers, accountants and foreign bank accounts. The balance sheet looked terrific; the business had high liquidity and was swimming in the black. Profits had risen well into the millions.

Along with all this growth and expan-

sion police pressure was continuously mounting. In Houston and other Texas cities law enforcement began a methodical crackdown on the Bandidos, finally realizing they were something more than good old boys on bikes. A number of members were nailed on various drug, prostitution and weapons charges—notably leader Don Chambers, who went to prison. The Bandidos were never quite as flamboyant again.

The Pagans were also getting heavy pressure from the police, who stopped every Pagan they saw and put many of them behind bars—mostly for traffic violations, weapons offenses, drug possession or civil disobedience. In self-defense the Pagans employed the Warlocks as enforcers. Stone killers specializing in guns and knives, they were used to settle scores, intimidate potential witnesses and pressure debtors. They did such a fabulous job, the Pagans even began subcontracting some of their Mob work to the Warlocks.

The Hell's Angels were experiencing many of the same problems. In 1972 Angel leader George "Baby Huey" Wetherin was arrested for drug possession.

During the subsequent investigation it was discovered that he owned a 153-acre ranch in California's Mendocino County, where the Angels had buried some unlucky dudes they had wasted in Baby Huey's backyard.

Next Sonny Barger was convicted of possession of heroin for sale, receiving a ten-year-to-life prison sentence. It was a terribly demoralizing period for the Angels, but they became stronger under fire—and sharper in the courtroom. Barger would get out in 4½ years, and he never lost his grip on the throttle while he languished in Vacaville State Prison: Business continued to boom.

Taking another cue from the legacy of the Mob, the Angels were moving into legitimate enterprises—little things at first, such as book stores, garages and gas stations. Then in 1976 the Angels bought the Siesta Catering Services Company for approximately \$800,000. Honoring a legendary American Indian member who was deceased, they also formed an entertainment division—Charlie Magoo Productions—which staged concert presentations at major arenas. Headliners have included such country-music stars as Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings; tickets to a recent concert cost as much as \$50.

Organized gangs were becoming so powerful that by late 1976 the Outlaws were ready to challenge the Mob head-on. Hoping to share the big bucks in the massage-parlor and prostitution rackets, the group's national headquarters in Chicago informed Mob boss Tony Accardo that a partnership could be mutually beneficial. When Tony sent back the word—don't call me, I'll call you—the bikers knew just how to get the phone to ring.

After some of Accardo's massage parlors were bombed, he decided to have a chat with the boys after all. Tony met the main Outlaws in a Chicago pizzeria and worked out a plan: He would set up the parlors; the Outlaws would supply most of the girls, the bouncers and any other necessary muscle. The collaboration was pretty touchy, but it worked.

As the stakes and profits in illegal activities rose, so did rivalries between clubs. In early 1977 a Southern California group called the Mongols voted to stitch a patch that said CALIF. on their cutoffs. That was an automatic invitation to war with the Hell's Angels. Many years before, the Angels had changed all of their chapters' names from cities or counties to the state in which they were located—thereby proclaiming they controlled that state and swearing vengeance and death to anyone who challenged the claim.

The Angels wasted no time letting the Mongols know how they felt. Mongol Allyn Bishop was blown off his bike by a

continued on page 118



Biddle

"I just hate my mom! She won't let me double pierce my pussy lips!"



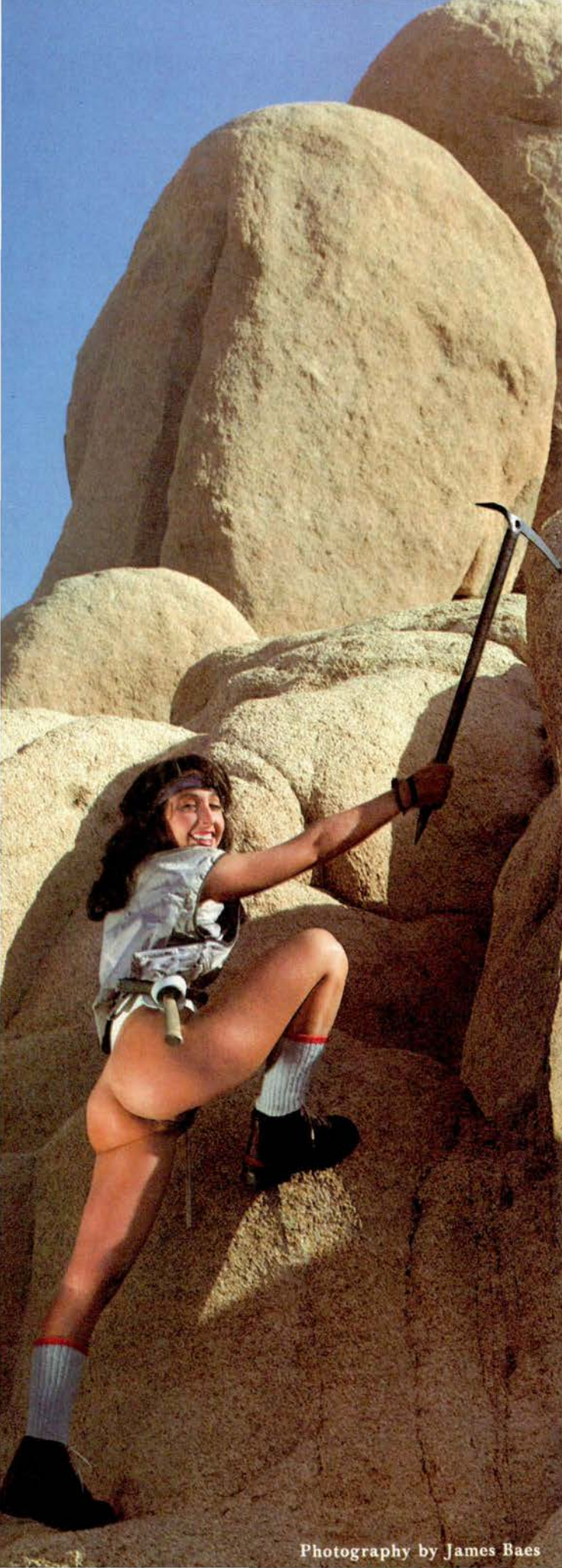
"Oh, c'mon... it's very chic to be into older women!"



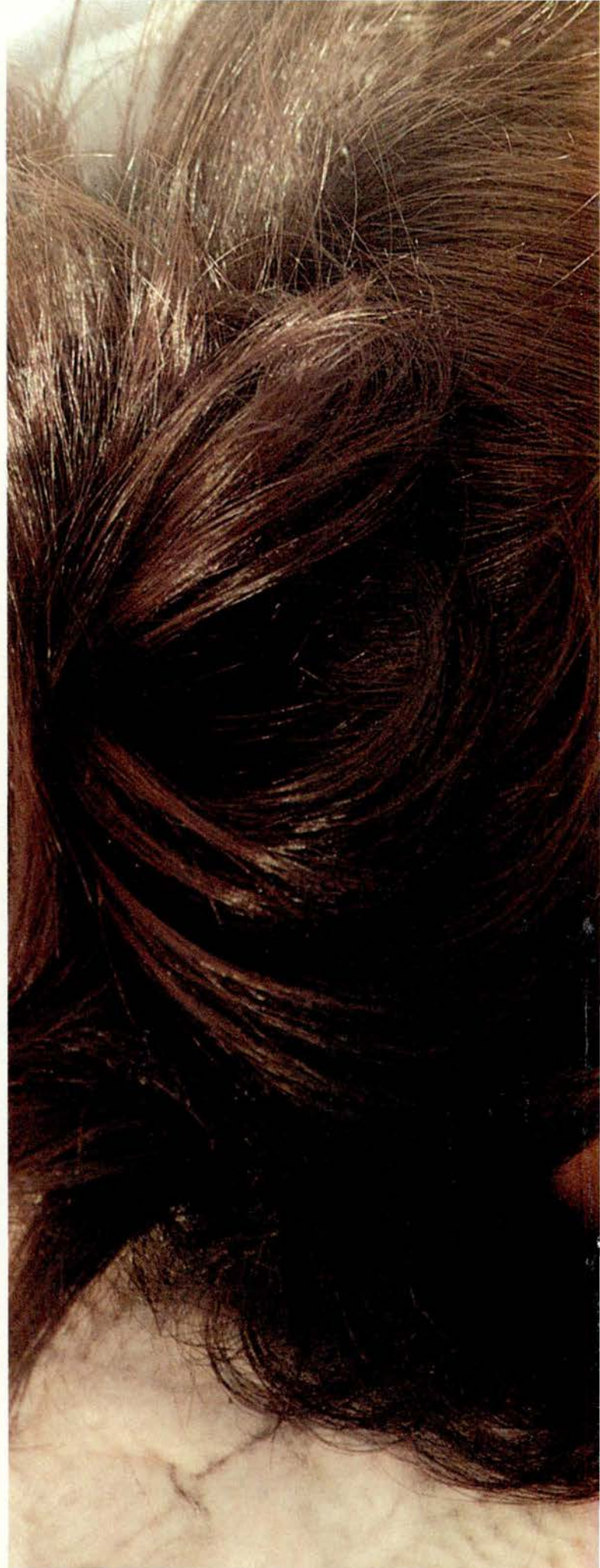
"Where I come from," explains Hillary, "a stone fox is, like, a totally rad-lookin' chick who's, like, totally cool too. That's me." Hillary—a Valley Girl, fer sure—hails from Encino, in the heart of Southern California's famed San Fernando Valley. This 19-year-old student says rock climbing in the hills near her home is her favorite hobby. "In the summer I like to climb bare-assed because tan lines, like, gag me, you know? My favorite thing to do, though, is to bring some foxy dude up here with me, lay out a blanket and go for it right on the rocks. Now *that's* tubular."



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Photography by James Baes



A close-up, high-angle portrait of a young woman with dark, wavy hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her face is the central focus, with her eyes and teeth visible. The background is dark and out of focus.

HILLARY

Getting her rocks off



Rock me
all night long.
Hillary

HUSTLER'S HONEY • JULY 1984





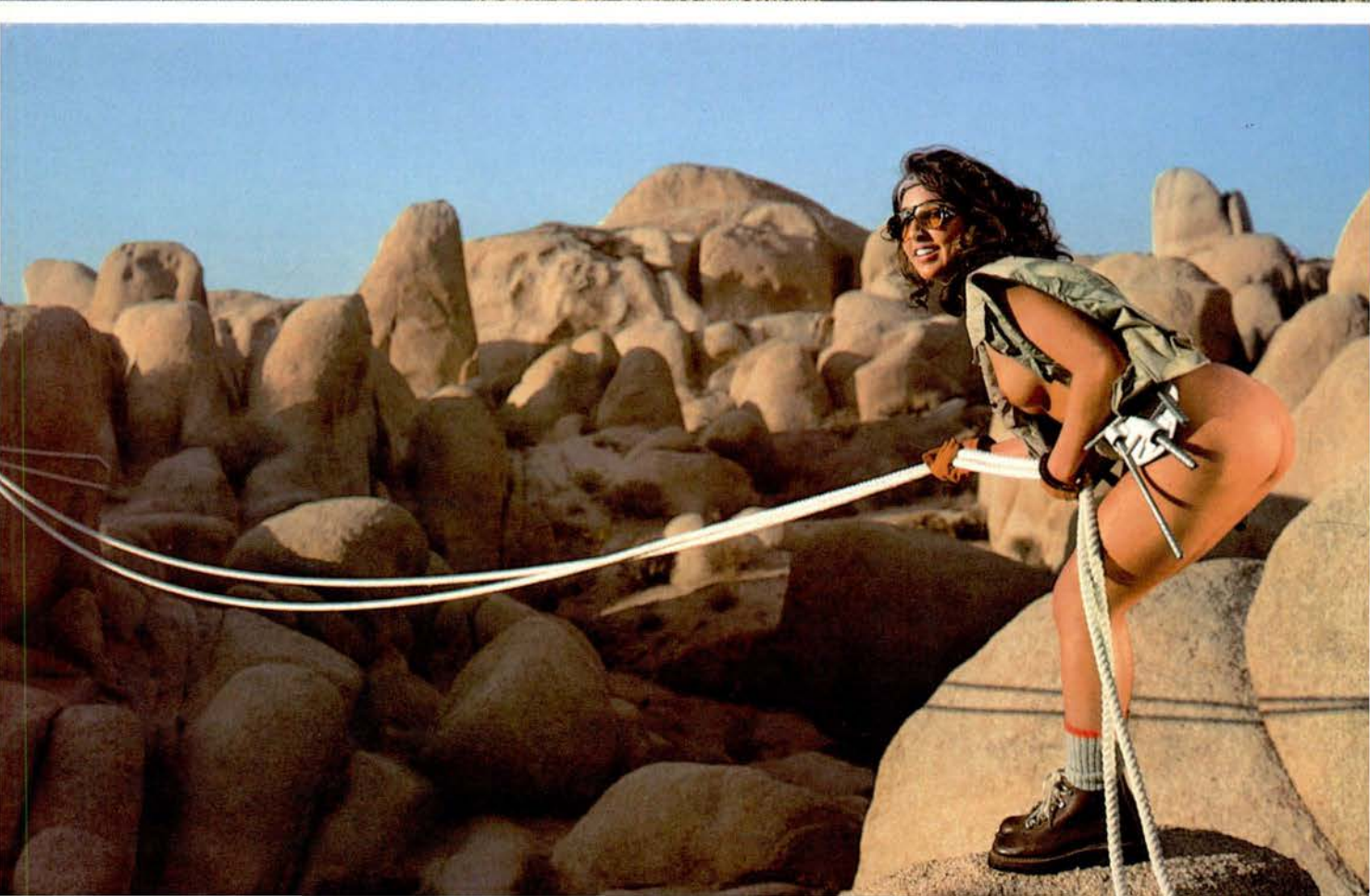














HUSTLER HUMOR



Saint Peter had just finished interviewing three Polacks who wanted to get into heaven. Since they were borderline cases, he decided that if they could each answer a religious question, he'd let them in.

Turning to the first Polack, Saint Peter asked, "What is the meaning of Easter?"

"That's easy," came the answer. "It's when you dress up in costumes and go trick or treating."

"Sorry," Saint Peter replied. "I'm afraid that's wrong. Same question, number 2: What is the meaning of Easter?"

"Simple," said the second Polack. "It's when you buy presents for everybody and sing Christmas songs."

"No," replied Saint Peter, "your answer is also incorrect. Now, how about you, number 3? Can you tell me the meaning of Easter?"

"I think so," came the answer. "It's when Jesus arose from the grave—"

"That's right!" exclaimed Saint Peter. "Do you know anything else about Easter?"

"Yes," answered the third Polack, "if he sees his shadow, we have six more weeks of winter!"

Question: What do you call four Mexicans who are stuck in quicksand?

Answer: *Cuatro sinko.*

A man walked into his favorite bar and ordered a round of drinks for the house. After serving everyone, the bartender asked what the occasion was.

"I finally outdid my older brother!" the man exclaimed. "I'm now taller than he is!"

"Aw, come on," the bartender said, "you're a little old to still be growing."

"I'm not growing," snickered the man. "He was in a car wreck, and both his legs got cut off."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *surrogate mother* as: a womb for rent.

The English teacher in a predominantly Hispanic public school decided it was time for the weekly vocabulary lesson. "What's the difference between *select* and *choose*, Ramon?" she asked one bright-eyed Mexican.

"*Select* is when we pick something," he answered, "and *choose* is what we wear on our feet."

The day after the senior prom two buddies were discussing how far they had gotten with their dates after the dance.

"You should have been there," gloated Jack. "I made Joy so hot, she let me get a hotel room. I took off her dress, her bra, and finally her panties hit the floor."

"Go on," urged Rick. "What happened next?"

"Well, I took her out on the balcony so we could do it, but it was so damn cold, I just couldn't keep my dick hard," admitted Jack. "So we dressed and went home."

"What!" exclaimed Rick. "Why in the hell didn't you take her back in the room and fuck her there?"

"You stupid shit," shot back Jack, "didn't your daddy ever tell you that if you come outside, you won't get the girl pregnant!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *anal intercourse* as: a stick-in-the-mud.

A missionary was trying to teach the chief of a primitive jungle tribe how to speak English. He found the best method was to point to an object, say the word and have the chief repeat it. The tribal leader happened to be a quick learner, and he was soon parroting entire sentences as the two men strolled around the jungle.

Toward day's end they came upon a couple making love on the riverbank. The missionary, at a loss for words, just pointed and said, "Man planting garden."

Immediately, the chief hurled his spear at the couple, killing them both. Looking at the stunned missionary, he calmly stated, "Man planting *my* garden."

The golf nut arrived home three hours late from his weekly game looking utterly disgusted and completely exhausted. He dragged himself inside the house, flopped into his favorite chair and asked his wife for a strong drink.

"That's the last time I play with George!" he fumed. "The man has absolutely no consideration for his fellow golfers!"

"You seem pretty angry," the wife said. "What did he do?"

"The inconsiderate prick had a heart attack on the fourth hole," exclaimed the golfer, "and for the rest of the day it was hit the ball, drag George, hit the ball, drag George...!"

Question: Why did the two homosexuals break into the local funeral parlor?

Answer: They wanted to suck up a couple of cold ones.

A young man met an elderly lady at a friend's party. Strangely enough, they felt attracted to each other and ended up going back to the young man's apartment to get it on. As they were screwing, the man's mouth latched onto the old woman's tit, and he began to suck vigorously. Suddenly, his mouth became filled with liquid. He swallowed it, then said to her, "I thought you'd be too old to give milk."

"I am," she explained, "but I'm afraid I'm not too old to have cancer!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Chester the MOLEster



WAINETINSLE





JESSE JACKSON

At the End of His Rainbow?

His headline-making race for the American Presidency began with dreams of glory for this self-styled Great Black Hope, a man who has a monumental ego. But then—following revelations of blatant anti-Semitism, Arab connections and suspicious financial dealings—those dreams ended in a rude awakening.

Profile by Corky Johnson and Don Goldberg

Illustration by Ren Wicks

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

—Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.
Washington, D.C., 1963

Twenty years after his idol's ringing address on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial the Reverend Jesse L. Jackson had a dream of his own—moving from the church pulpit to the political podium, from the long hot summers of Deep South freedom marches to four years of air-conditioned comfort in the White House's Oval Office. Had he done things differently, that dream might have had a better chance of becoming reality. But the supposed coalition of ethnic and racial minorities he called the Rainbow Express was doomed to sputter and run out of steam.

Doggedly seeking the support of hundreds of thousands of blacks enrolled for the first time in last year's voter-registration drives, Jackson had sought to dress his dream in rhythmical speeches that would bring even the most indifferent listeners to their feet.

"I am!" he thundered at a Birmingham, Alabama, audience, displaying his characteristic showmanship.

"I am!" came their resounding, knee-jerk response.

"Somebody!"

"Somebody!" the throng repeated.

"Hands that once picked cotton..."

"Hands that once picked cotton..."

"Will now pick a President."

"Will now pick a President."

"Our time has come!"

Many were repelled by his fire-and-brimstone style. While bombastic rhetoric can be moving when it comes from the pulpit, it can be extremely abrasive in the political arena.

Political pundits expected 42-year-old Jesse Jackson to breathe fresh air into the anticipated dullness of early Democratic primaries. Instead, the Baptist preacher choked on the exhaust fumes of political machines—the vote-delivering organizations black leaders around the country knew that Jackson couldn't build himself.

The old-time street demonstrations he used to lead won't win political elections, they argued; only skillful organizations will. And Jackson's past record showed that he was far from being an organizational genius. No sooner had he declared his candidacy on November 3, 1983, than damaging information surfaced showing that his Chicago-based Operation PUSH (People United to Save Humanity)—a conglomerate of programs designed to promote the cause of civil rights—had woefully mismanaged federal funds.

Disenchanted black leaders increasingly bridled at his public behavior, referring to him as a "hotdogger"—basketball

lingo for someone who can make the big plays that momentarily excite audiences but doesn't fit into the team's overall game plan.

Early on, in desperate need of public recognition, Jackson seized the opportunity to come to the rescue of Lieutenant Robert O. Goodman Jr., a Navy flier who had been imprisoned for a month after his plane was shot down on a bombing mission over Syria. Somehow Jackson fancied his way to the negotiating table with Syrian President Hafez Assad to obtain Goodman's release.

A delighted American public applauded Jackson's moxie in pulling off the heroic mission while a stunned Ronald Reagan sat in the White House seething about being upstaged by this black upstart. By manipulating a failed foreign policy in the Middle East, Jackson had suddenly acquired clout.

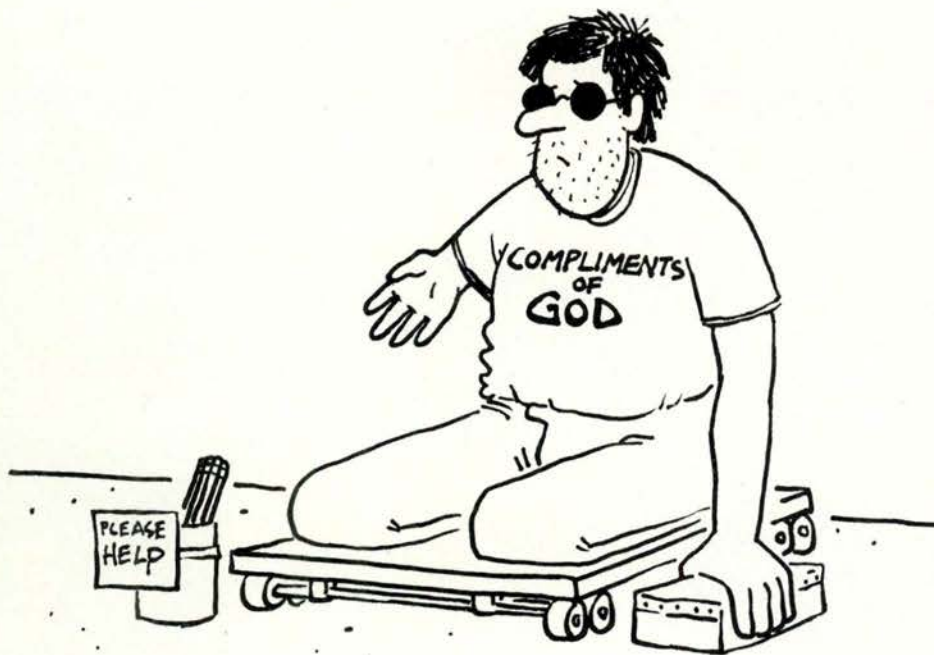
Reagan tried to steal some of his thunder at a public unveiling of Goodman after the airman's return to the United States. But as the President pressed against the microphone with Goodman at his side, Jesse moved in. Smiling into the TV cameras, he grabbed Goodman's arm and raised it triumphantly in the air. A collective groan could be heard across the country from black leaders already leery of Jackson's limelight-stealing tactics.

There's no denying that he's a master at using events to advance his favorite cause—himself. To dramatize the plight of low-income voters, he decided late last March to sleep in the black slums and Hispanic barrios. For his first overnight stay he chose a well-appointed New Haven, Connecticut, home equipped with a color TV served by cable.

"It got cold around 1 a.m.," Jackson told swarms of reporters following a hearty breakfast of sausage, eggs and extra biscuits. "The house isn't weatherized, because the heating bill conflicts with money that must go for food and medicine."

Several weeks earlier, just before the "Super Tuesday" primaries, Jackson staged a news conference with Ernest Green, the first black to graduate from a previously all-white school in Little Rock, Arkansas. This dog-and-pony show made it appear that Jackson actually had something to do with getting blacks into segregated schools. Nothing could have been farther from the truth.

In no uncertain terms Jackson considers himself to be Martin Luther King's successor in the civil-rights struggle. Years ago he often recalled cradling King in his arms after he was gunned down in Memphis. Jackson then told of flying to Chicago the following day and appearing before the City Council in a blood-stained shirt he'd supposedly worn while holding



DUANE TINSLEY

HARLEM TOYS

**NEW!
WATERMELON
PATCH KIDS**

RASTAS

LEONA

RUFUS

Collins

JESSE JACKSON (continued from page 96)

A black-owned paper accused Jackson of resorting to methods that smacked of old-time shakedowns.

the mortally wounded leader. But eyewitnesses contended that this was a total fabrication. Jackson no longer talks about it.

Yet on one recent campaign stop at an Alabama jail where King had once been locked up, Jackson was still performing his famous "I follow in his footsteps" routine. Such self-serving theatrics prompted black critics to wonder if what was good for Jackson would be good for the black political movement.

On the eve of the crucial early primaries in the South, King's widow—Coretta Scott King—endorsed Walter Mondale, leaving Jackson high and dry. King's father followed suit a week later. Stalwartly, Jackson maintained that achieving his dream didn't necessarily mean capturing the Democratic Party's nomination. He contended that his campaign served as the "conscience" of the party, claiming his Rainbow Coalition had brought minority issues—like the Voting Rights Act, voter registration and Third World causes—to the forefront of the Democratic agenda.

While most black leaders agree that Jackson's campaign has elevated these issues, they question whether Jackson is the

right person to do the crusading. Considering the company he has kept—unsavory figures such as Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yassir Arafat, as well as Syria's Assad and Libya's Muammar Kaddafi, both Soviet puppets—it's not surprising that more-moderate black leaders simply do not trust him.

One of Jackson's earliest detractors, Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, has pointed out that the reverend's flamboyance would be better used to help Mondale beat Reagan in November than to promote Mondale's defeat at the convention in July. The black cause could count on gains only if it hustled the support needed to vote an *electable* candidate into the White House, Young warned.

Regardless of the skepticism expressed by black leaders, journalists tiptoed carefully at first around the blemishes on Jackson's record. All that changed when the candidate, speaking to a *Washington Post* reporter, referred to Jews as "Hymies" and New York City as "Hymietown." He might have been let off the hook for those slurs, but when he lied about making such derogatory references—and two weeks

later admitted making them—reporters began to smell blood.

Jackson's seemingly hypnotic influence over the media soon wore off. Television interviews—his main forum for exposure since he couldn't afford paid TV advertising—began to backfire. During a debate with the other Democratic candidates before the New Hampshire primary the normally cool, self-assured Jackson broke out in a sweat under heavy grilling by Barbara Walters about the "Hymie" remark. Aides admit Jackson blew the debate, and their man consequently lost votes on the following Tuesday.

Surrounding the "Hymie" episode were accusations of pervasive anti-Semitism in Jackson's attitudes. He has accused "the Jewish lobby" of being responsible for the ousting of United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young after Young had met with a PLO representative. He has also called Israel a state of "oppressors."

But there are aspects of his personality, tactics and managerial skills that could even more seriously damage his quest for power. During the waning days of the Carter Administration, for instance, Jackson's Operation PUSH was the recipient of federal grants obtained in rather mysterious fashion. Today those grants to PUSH and its PUSH-EXCEL offshoot are under intense investigation.

Designed as a self-help, self-esteem program for getting kids off of drugs and booze, PUSH-EXCEL—which was funded with federal grants totaling \$5 million—overextended itself financially and never amounted to much more than paper puffery. "This project is in serious trouble," a Labor Department manager wrote, assessing its progress. "The only group to blame is PUSH itself."

Another manager reported that PUSH had trouble getting its career and job-hunting programs off the ground. Such projects were started and then stalled in several cities despite substantial injections of federal money.

The kicker came several weeks after the manager's report in August 1979. PUSH-EXCEL began to receive even more federal funds—without even officially applying for them. First a grant to PUSH was boosted to \$550,000 from its original \$50,000. Then an additional \$2 million came from the Labor Department even though the managers' concerns were on record. It usually takes months to get similar grants, but sources report that the government was afraid if it did not give money to PUSH, Jackson would scream racism.

With the influx of federal dollars, PUSH opened offices in nine cities. But the bottom fell out when a funding cut-back sliced the program in half. Private

(continued on page 108)



"Men and women belong together. That's why pussy smells like fish, and sperm looks like tartar sauce!"

SERVICE
With A Smile

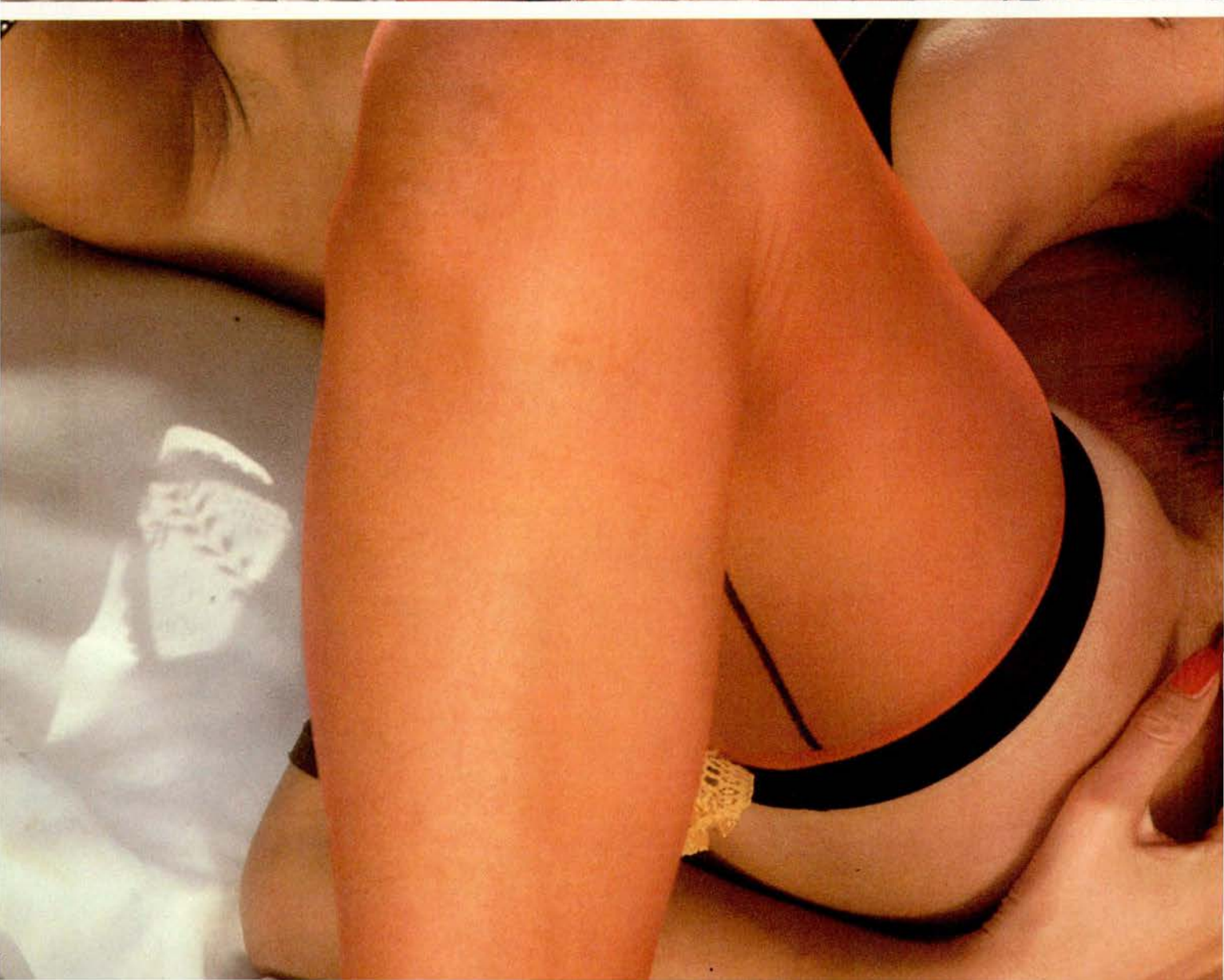


















JESSE JACKSON (continued from page 98)

Jackson relies on the Nation of Islam for more than support and protection. The Muslims also bring in the bucks.

donations also began to dry up in 1979 after Jackson was photographed hugging Yassir Arafat during a "peace mission" to the Middle East.

Since then, PUSH programs have continued to be plagued with inconsistency, high staff turnover and what appears to be a lack of direction. In one 12-month period PUSH had three different national directors, three vice-presidents and two comptrollers. An EXCEL program dealing with new careers went through four directors in a year, costing \$179,000.

Among the problems government regulators found was PUSH's inability to keep up-to-date books. In fact, one investigator said PUSH protected its ledgers as if they were trade secrets. Information pried loose by auditors indicates that approximately \$2 million in Department of Education funds and other monies may have been wasted irresponsibly; \$750,000 of that sum went for expenditures not covered by federal grants. "They have not maintained adequate internal accounting controls," said a government evaluation in a masterpiece of understatement.

According to one government report,

PUSH failed to provide the "capacity or the capability to run the program." PUSH objectives—to interest minorities in business ownership, to develop a business curriculum for Chicago's schools and an operational guide for other school systems—were not met, the government said.

Finally, Jackson admitted that the goals for PUSH-EXCEL were overly ambitious, and a Department of Education official involved in the funding said Jackson is "an idea man, but he doesn't pick the kinds of people who can follow through for him"—a definite drawback for a Presidential candidate. The government audits, Jackson sneered, were "selective persecution" of him and his organization—a means to harass "oppressed" people.

Ironically, Jackson started Operation PUSH in 1972 after a similar incident in which he got into trouble with Operation Breadbasket. Ralph Abernathy, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, suspended Jackson as head of Breadbasket for not providing the SCLC with full financial disclosure of his fund-raising. The split with Abernathy was part of internal disagreements over

the direction the SCLC (founded by King) should take. Jackson, a King lieutenant, wanted more control.

Operation PUSH has continued to stir up controversy in the black community and among black leaders who think Jackson has gone too far in trying to win sweetheart deals requiring corporations to award a certain amount of their business to minority firms. Some have called his methods coercive; others bluntly accuse him of doing business with kickbacks and shakedowns.

The charges stem from the way Jackson approaches businesses he believes are ignoring minorities. He has often used threats of boycotts to muscle corporations into agreeing to establish minority franchises. Jackson calls such verbal promises "moral covenants." Whatever they are, they have been extremely profitable to PUSH and its friends. So far these trade agreements—with at least six major corporations, including Coca-Cola, 7-Eleven and Kentucky Fried Chicken—will bring more than \$180 million in business and employment into the black community.

When Anheuser-Busch was pressured by Jackson to sign a minority agreement, however, the company balked. Jackson then ordered his troops into action, urging blacks to boycott the firm's beer products. "Bud is a dud!" Jackson yelled. The company finally gave in to Jackson, agreeing to do \$323 million in business with minority contractors.

While he was getting concessions from Anheuser-Busch, Jackson was charging black-owned businesses \$500 each to get in on the gravy train. For their \$500 these businesses would be put on the official PUSH list of minority firms given priority for corporation contracts. "You've got to pay to play," Jackson said. The *St. Louis Sentinel*, a black-owned paper, accused Jackson of defrauding the black community by resorting to methods that smacked of old-time shakedowns.

PUSH itself has benefitted from these companies' generosity, and several of them have acknowledged making cash contributions to Jackson's group. Heublein Inc., former owner of Kentucky Fried Chicken, for example, wrote a check to PUSH for \$10,000.

But it's not only PUSH that has profited from business contracts. Individual members of PUSH and even Jackson's half-brother, Noah Robinson, have received contracts from companies that have signed PUSH trade agreements. Ernest Green, a former Labor Department official who helped Jackson obtain federal funds for PUSH and then became a director of the organization, does about 35% of his consultant business with companies that have signed on with PUSH.

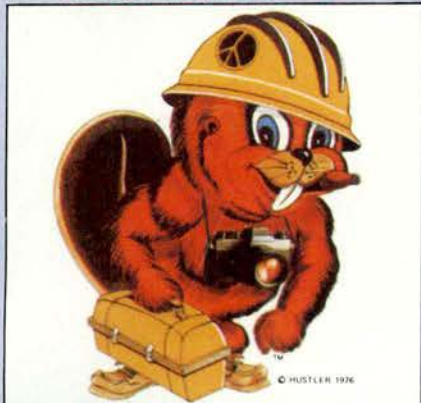
Owen Funderburg, another PUSH director and president of the Citizen Trust





"Dammit, bitch, wear panties! You're rotting my leather seat!"

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Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

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Model's Legal Signature _____

Date _____

Bank in Atlanta, said his bank received new accounts from 7-Eleven and Burger King after they also signed covenants with PUSH. Robinson and Cecil Troy, a PUSH supporter and contributor to Jackson's campaign, both won Coca-Cola distributorships—again after the company had jumped on Jackson's bandwagon. Calling his brother a "very astute businessman," Jackson said no deal was worked out for any of the contracts received by people associated with PUSH.

The alliances Jackson has formed are as dubious as his dealings—especially his unpublicized friendship with Louis Farrakhan, a Boston calypso singer-turned-Black Muslim who now heads the Chicago-based Nation of Islam. Espousing radical ideas such as white hatred, anti-Semitism and black segregationism, Farrakhan claims to have inherited the group from its founder, Elijah Muhammad, who was revered by his followers as "Allah's anointed messenger" before he died in 1975.

During the early stages of Jackson's campaign Farrakhan provided armed guards for the candidate before he qualified for Secret Service protection. The Black Muslim's security division, called the Fruit of Islam—an elite team of black-belted bodybuilders—was plainly in evidence at Jackson's speaking engagements.

Last February, Farrakhan made headlines by warning Jewish leaders, "If you harm Jesse Jackson, in the name of Allah, that will be the last one you harm." These remarks were not taken lightly by the B'nai Brith Anti-Defamation League and other Jewish organizations. Nathan Perlmuter, who directs the ADL, has asked Jackson to repudiate the Farrakhan statement, but so far he's refused.

Although law-enforcement sources say there is no conclusive evidence linking Farrakhan to any assassination plots, they note that he is lax in distancing himself—and the Nation of Islam—from a number of radical undertakings. These include close ties between the Black Muslim movement and the Black Liberation Army, an underground organization with a long history of bombings, shootings and robberies across the country. Most recently, intelligence sources have implicated it, along with Puerto Rican terrorists and members of the Weather Underground, in last year's unsolved bombing of the Capitol in Washington.

These sources say all three groups may have had help from Cuba, including terrorist training at secret camps in Mexico. The Black Liberation Army was also implicated in the Brink's armored-truck robbery in New York three years ago.

If Jackson's ties to radical Muslim factions of the Nation of Islam are tenuous at best, his reliance on support from Farrakhan is not. It's no wonder Jackson would

not disassociate himself from Farrakhan's remarks, since the Muslim leader has considerable influence with other black leaders, politicians and civil-rights activists. On hand at a recent three-day convention in Chicago celebrating the group's Savior Day were Jackson, comedian/activist Dick Gregory and former Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm.

Jackson relies on the Nation of Islam for more than support and protection. His association with the Muslims also brings in the bucks. Last January, for example, nearly 7,000 students turned out to greet Jackson on the University of Detroit campus. They were greeted in turn by swarms of Farrakhan's female followers, who circulated among the crowd and collected donations in plastic-lined wastepaper baskets.

Farrakhan says his goal is to register 100,000 followers to vote for Jackson. "I want you to vote," he has told members. "If that is the last card you've got between you and the plan of God, let's play it. Everybody register and play the card."

Many Americans will long remember Jackson's warm embrace of PLO leader Arafat, but they have all but written off his close ties to Libya's Kadafi. The Justice Department cleared Jackson in January of any wrongdoing in connection with charges that he acted as a foreign agent of the Libyan government four years ago. Yet a close look at Justice Department documents raises serious questions about that investigation.

It began in September 1980 after press reports claimed Jackson took money from Libya for attempting to negotiate a Libyan oil contract for a black-owned company in Alabama. But the investigation soon ran into that age-old roadblock called politics. Jackson was a leading black supporter of Jimmy Carter's reelection bid, and an embarrassing revelation could have cost Carter votes—especially among already-suspicious Jewish voters.

When the Justice Department sent Jackson its initial inquiry by registered mail in September, he refused to accept it. A second letter was prepared in late October to be delivered by the FBI. By no coincidence, that letter arrived the day after the election. According to one Justice Department document, Carter campaign aide Jack Watson and Presidential counsel Lloyd Cutler "had intervened and directed that the letter be delivered no sooner than November 5, 1980."

It took months of legal squabbling between Justice Department attorneys and Jackson's lawyers before specific questions were posed in August 1981. By that time additional news stories had come out claiming that a Libyan diplomat had donated \$10,000 to a benefit for Jackson's

(continued on page 160)

\$10,000

FREE!!!

BEAVER-HUNTER
CAPS
TO ALL
CONTESTANTS



(EVEN IF WE
DON'T PUBLISH
YOUR PHOTO)

Beaver Hunt

The year is more than half over, which means time is running short for giving your special someone a shot at being chosen 1984 Beaver of the Year. Besides awarding \$100 to every Beaver whose photo appears here, in each issue we select one entry to be our Beaver of the Month. (Check out *Beaver Spotlight* on pages 116-117.) Every monthly winner will

compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! A couple of Polaroids are fine. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 110, or a facsimile, and please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her \$100.

Photo by John

Photo by Husband



Mary Rhodes, 22, of Beggs, Oklahoma, gets off on imagining how she'd shock the local PTA by stripping at its next meeting.



A passion for art inspired the fantasy of 32-year-old Kitty from San Jose, California. She'd enjoy making it on a giant artist's canvas covered with gallons of brightly colored oil paint.

Making love in a room full of mirrors
is the fantasy of 19-year-old Nancy of
Cream Ridge, New Jersey.



Photo by Husband

C.F.L., 31, from West Springfield,
Massachusetts, would get off on
making love while skinny-dipping
in a cruise ship's sundeck pool.



Photo by Husband



Jacksonville, Florida, is home for
23-year-old Donna Johnson, who tells
us, "I'd like to have my wrists tied
to my ankles and be rammed as hard
as possible."

Photo by Mark



Photo by Mr. Bone



Twenty-four-year-old Scamp from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, says her secret desire is to pose for a "100 Most Unusual Sex Positions" chart.

Photo by Husband



Chrissy is a 28-year-old topless dancer from Fort Worth, Texas. She fantasizes about posing for a nude photo-session during which the photographer becomes aroused, sheds his clothes and moves in for some intimate close-ups.

Photo by Husband



Indianapolis, Indiana's Honey, 27, gets aroused just dreaming about "having a man suck up all of my hot pussy juice while letting me deep-throat his nice hard cock."



Photo by Husband



Twenty-seven-year-old Debby from Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, says she's warming up to the idea of fulfilling her man's constant demand for a threesome with another big-titted chick.



Photo by Jim

Unlike many wives, 22-year-old Ann of Orlando, Florida, likes all of her husband's friends—so much that her fantasy is to have them each fuck her while her husband watches the action.



Photo by Frank

Twenty-six-year-old Angela of Somerville, New Jersey, would love to lie on an operating table while half a dozen surgeons probe her pelvic area with a class of medical students looking on.



Photo by John



Whenever Renae Barrett, 35, of Dayton, Ohio, wants to get off, she imagines herself galloping bareback on a horse until the motion gives her an unbelievably intense orgasm.

Photo by Berry



Tracy Wilson, a 22-year-old from Houston, Texas, likes to imagine performing live sex acts onstage in an auditorium filled with sex-starved servicemen.

Photo by Friend



Mary Lynn, a 19-year-old from Scranton, Pennsylvania, would like to be gang-banged by a group of her ex-boyfriends.





BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Shortly after HUSTLER announced its \$10,000 Beaver of the Year contest, we received a *Beaver Hunt* entry from the gorgeous Laura of Cocoa Beach, Florida. Once we took a *hard* look at it, Laura was flown to California for a professional photo-session as a candidate for *Beaver Spotlight*. "I was really nervous when I showed up





for the shooting," says Laura. "It was the first time I'd ever modeled professionally. But by the second day I'd gotten to know everybody at the studio, and I began to enjoy myself."

Twenty-seven-year-old Laura considers herself to be very athletic and enjoys working out, lifting weights, playing tennis and swimming when she's not busy strutting her stuff as an exotic dancer at the Inner Room Lounge in Cocoa Beach. Although Laura doesn't have any travel plans for the immediate future, she does hope to sail around the world one day. And her wildest sexual fantasy? "I guess what people would like to read is that I'd love to make it with three men at one time—or something bizarre like that," says Laura. "But silly as it may seem, the truth is, it's always been my dream to be stranded on a desert island with Neil Diamond."

Now, *that's* bizarre.



OUTLAW BIKERS (continued from page 70)

"They buy and sell young women and even trade them for motorcycles," the witness told the subcommittee.

shotgun blast as he rode through Kern County, California. He was wearing the Mongols' new CALIF. patch on the back of his jacket. A couple of months later two Mongols, both packing their wives, were machine-gunned off their bikes near Escondido, California. Both Mongols died. One woman was paralyzed for life with a bullet lodged in her spine; the other disappeared after being released from the hospital and hasn't been seen since.

After that there were a couple of bombing incidents—and more Mongol fatalities. The Mongols finally got the message; they got rid of their CALIF. patches.

Like all the big clubs, the Angels are totally uncompromising in their principles. Outside threats will be attacked until they're destroyed. Internal problems will be dealt with swiftly and with what the mother chapter decides is proper justice.

During the late 1970s a number of Angels were purged for not living up to the code. One old and seemingly trustworthy San Diego Angel, Sergeant of Arms Gary Robles, was discovered selling drugs in another member's territory. He was lured into a trap and shot point-blank—neat and

clean, just like a Mob hit.

By 1978 the warfare between the Hell's Angels and their old enemies—the Outlaws—had become so troublesome, the Angels voted "two elite members" from each chapter to serve full time as execution squads against the Outlaws. On July 5, 1979, one of the newly formed hit squads struck in Charlotte, North Carolina, where the gangs had previously skirmished over local massage parlors and drug traffic. Five Outlaws were shot to death in what police called the July Fourth Massacre.

Meanwhile, after a long period of incubation in the sweltering Arizona desert, the Dirty Dozen began to spread in all directions like a many-headed serpent. Their lifestyle became more violent than any that had come before—killings and vicious fights occurred with numbing regularity. They battled with the Huns, Sons of Satan, Devils Disciples and the police. And when no one else was around, they worked out on each other.

The Hell's Angels, Outlaws and Bandidos all saw opportunities in Arizona, but the Dozen didn't want any partners—or

competitors. They began to patrol their home turf wearing sidearms. In Arizona it is legal to wear a pistol as long as it's not concealed. The Dozen loved that law.

(Today the Dozen ranks as the fastest-growing club in the nation. "They're getting more and more organized," says a Tucson detective. "They're getting into some heavy stuff too, running dope and running whores. Shit, nine-tenths of the cars and motorcycles stolen around here—they did that. If they ever get a really smart leader, we've had it.")

By the late 1970s the Bandidos were heavily into every aspect of organized crime—from dope dealing, prostitution and massage parlors to chop shops, burglary rings and contract murders. They were also involved in drugs-for-weapons trading. Yet they managed to stay out of the national press while expanding north through Arkansas and New Mexico and clear up into South Dakota.

Other than several ugly run-ins with the Gypsy Jokers, things went smoothly until 1978. That year two Bandido hitmen from the San Antonio chapter tried to assassinate local U.S. Attorney James W. Kerr Jr., who had successfully prosecuted several significant drug cases in the U.S. district court. Unfortunately, they missed their target—and Kerr remembered their faces.

In May 1979 U.S. District Court Judge John H. Wood Jr.—the jurist in whose court Kerr tried his cases—was blown away as he left his ranch-style home in San Antonio. He was the first federal judge murdered in over 100 years, and people were astonished and outraged. Kerr later identified two Bandidos as the men who had attempted to kill him, and they immediately became suspects in the Wood killing.

In October 1979 Congressman Robert S. Walker (R-Pennsylvania)—the chairman of the House Republican Research Committee Task Force—introduced a resolution which declared that the President "should establish a federal strike force and a program in each United States judicial district to investigate and prosecute crimes committed by members of outlaw motorcycle gangs."

One of the more interesting witnesses to come before the committee was a woman who used only the name Mary to keep her identity a secret. She told of widespread white slavery practiced by the Bandidos. "They buy and sell young women and even trade them for motorcycles," she said, adding that the women were used as topless dancers, waitresses, prostitutes and drug sellers. Mary said she had joined the gang when she was 16 and had gone through long periods when she was beaten every day.

While congressmen and politicians were getting their first real eye-opening re-

WAINETINSLEY



"...And so the Americans and the Russians stopped bullying one another and lived happily ever after!"



"This is the last time I fight a guy who's got zits!"

OUTLAW BIKERS (continued from page 118)

The indictment included charges that the Angels used murder and torture to corner the Omaha drug market.

ports on biker clubs, four members of the States gang—associates of the Outlaws—took turns raping, beating and threatening a 20-year-old woman in staid Coral Springs, Florida. When the four were arrested a few days later, police discovered a large cache of weapons, including swords and blowguns.

But throughout all the investigations the Hell's Angels continued to be law enforcement's Number 1 target. In July 1980 the Feds lost a round when 18 members—after an eight-month trial—were acquitted on charges of racketeering, conspiracy to engage in drug sales, murder and attempted murder. Seven months later, however, 80 state and local officers staged a series of raids on the Angels' Omaha, Nebraska, chapter, during which they discovered a human skull and a human thumb in a jar—along with the usual assortment of weapons and drugs.

Four members of the club and several associates were arrested and indicted for creating "an absolute monopoly" in the local methamphetamine trade. The indictment also included charges that the Angels used murder and torture to cor-

ner the Omaha drug market.

Five weeks into the subsequent trial the judge abruptly halted the proceedings—freeing one of the defendants for lack of evidence. The others later pleaded guilty to lesser charges of drug and firearms possession. Once again the government had discovered how difficult it was to find reliable witnesses and successfully prosecute the Angels. Yet it persisted.

The August 1982 arrest of a Hell's Angel in Rock Hill, South Carolina, led to the discovery of a warehouse full of armaments. Police found 30 handguns, two semi-automatic rifles, other rifles, silencers, explosives, four pipe bombs, smoke and tear-gas grenades, booby traps and ammunition. "They were either selling this stuff or planning on going to war," a local officer observed.

The Outlaws were also really feeling the heat. By the end of 1980, police had rounded up 14 members of various Florida and Georgia chapters. They were indicted—and ultimately convicted—for murder, extortion, drug trafficking and prostitution.

At almost the same time Chicago Out-

laws President Thomas Stimac and four others were convicted on white-slavery charges. Following the trial, Chicago U.S. Attorney Dan K. Webb released a report linking the Outlaws to two Chicago murderers of exotic dancers and another Outlaws chieftain.

Meanwhile, a Florida offshoot of the Outlaws—the Galloping Gooses—was alleged to have nailed a girl on a stake upside down and crucified her.

In April 1983 a dozen members of the Florida Outlaws were convicted in federal court of racketeering and conspiracy. Among them was Kenneth Hart, already serving a three-year term for white slavery—buying and selling women, "usually for about \$500 apiece."

A new round of Senate-subcommittee hearings on motorcycle gangs is currently in progress. A former Pagan who is now in the federal witness-protection program has been telling about a Pagan treasurer who's as astute as a Wall Street CPA and how the Pagans are moving successfully into areas that until recently were strictly organized-crime territory.

Members of the Pagans, Outlaws and Hell's Angels have moved into loansharking and bookmaking, and they're looking into bingo parlors and cardrooms. They probably won't ever get a grip on big-time gambling, but they're nibbling at the edges in some areas.

The real problem for Congressional committees, law-enforcement agencies and the general public is that old myths die hard. Even now it's difficult to grasp the degree to which the motorcycle folk of bygone times have changed into big-city wheeler-dealers.

Thanks to state-of-the-art technology, modern marketing methods and high-powered legal advice, it's even more difficult to investigate and prosecute them. Despite the bizarre, well-publicized side of the motorcycle world, almost all of it remains totally inaccessible to public scrutiny. The ones who are allowed in don't ever get out. It's a lifetime commitment. As secret cults have functioned throughout man's history, the inner workings are only for the chosen few.

So the next time you're cruising at 38,000 feet in the VIP section of a 747, you might pay special attention to the heavysset gentleman beside you who's looking over a stock portfolio. Beneath that three-piece suit might just be a knife-scarred body covered with tattoos. He might be the treasurer of a motorcycle club or even its president, probably on his way to jam with accountants and real-estate brokers at some uptown bistro in some faraway metropolis.

You might even be able to strike up a friendly conversation. Just don't ask too many personal questions.



JARTOS

"Cold as always, eh, Madge?"

My Red and White Acrylic Dream

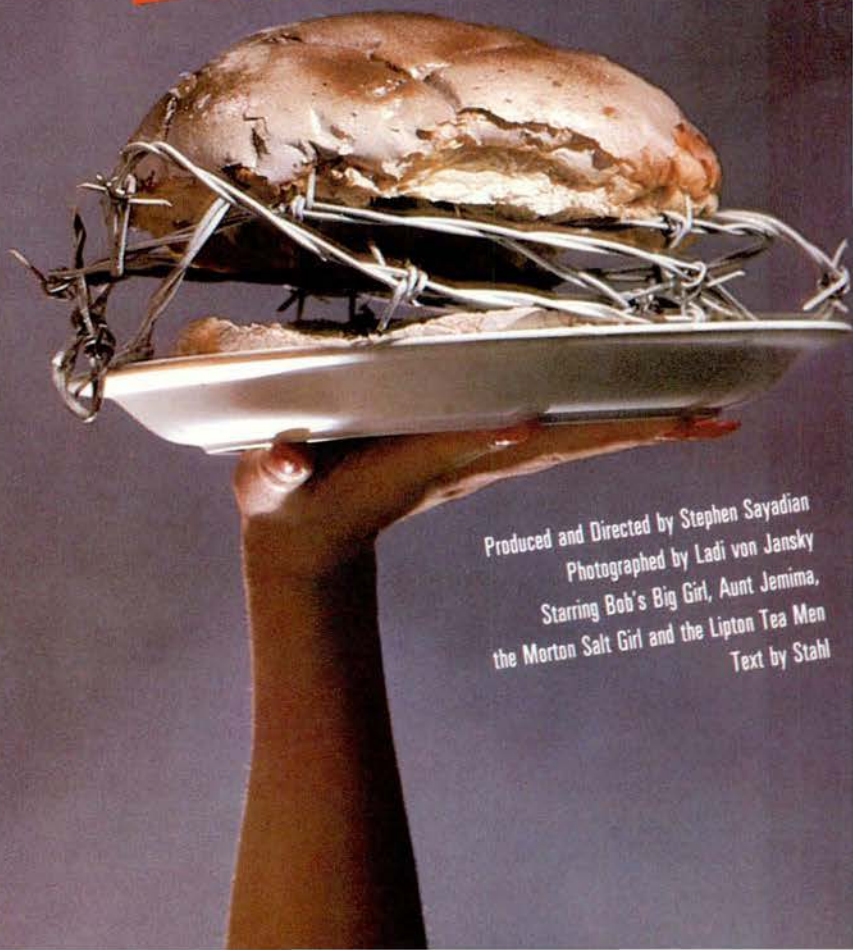
Always the right hand aloft.
(Oh, this is endless.)

White plate flat against horizontal palm.

My hair is so perfect. It's the year of the pompadour.
Why do I hold the bun? Ask the Statue of Liberty, Mister.
(I am the one who worships. I am the worshipped.)
Oh, you boy. You boy! You beautiful, beautiful boy.

(I know they stare. I feel them,
mouths full of pickle-lettuce-yellow cheese-bun-meat.)
The burger as symbolic morsel of the First Boy's flesh.
Hail the cherubic Big One! Bow down, Burger Slaves!
Did you wash your hands?

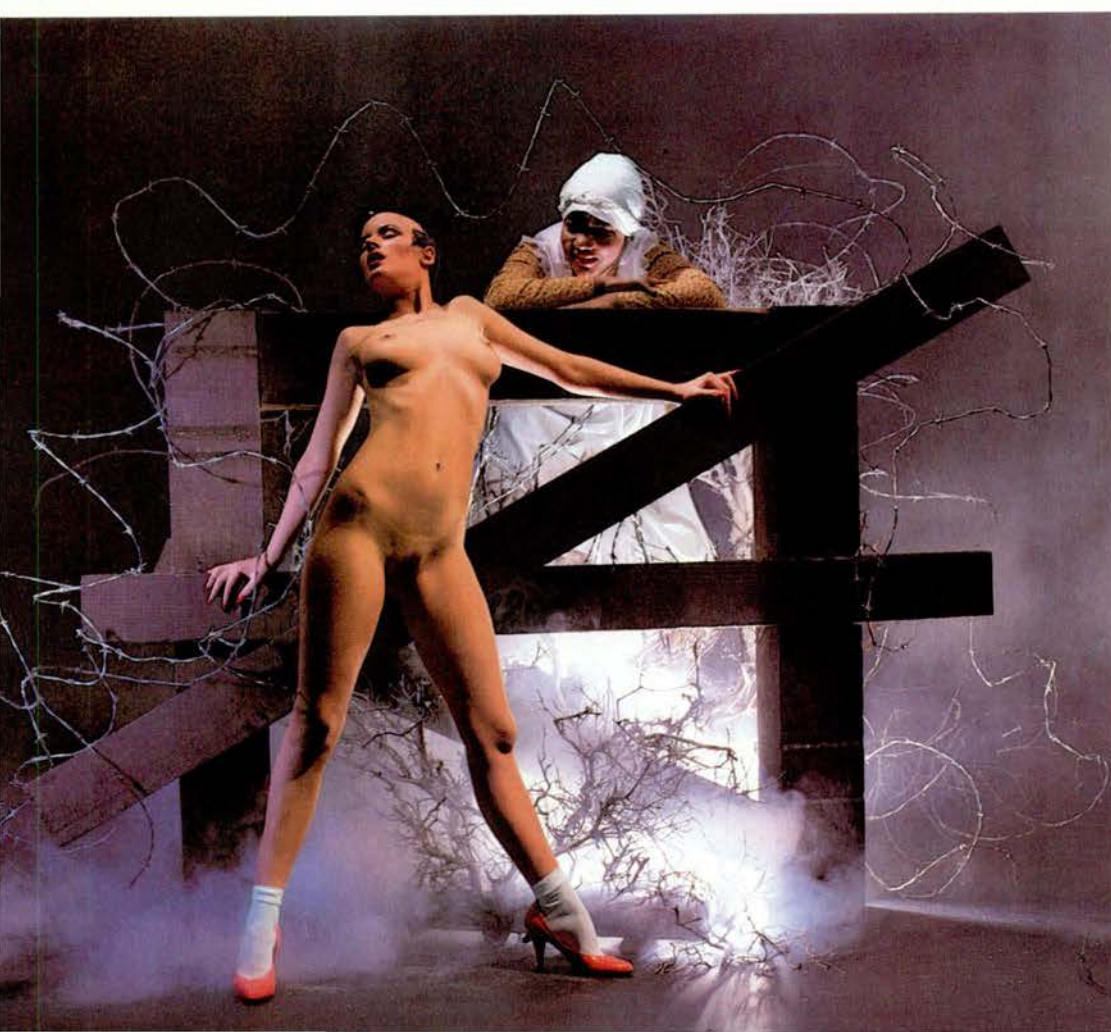
My needs? Well . . . I could show you.



Produced and Directed by Stephen Sayadian
Photographed by Ladi von Jansky
Starring Bob's Big Girl, Aunt Jemima,
the Morton Salt Girl and the Lipton Tea Men
Text by Stahl

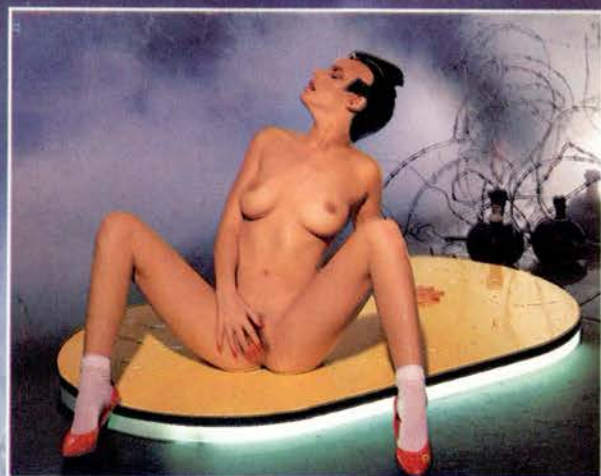




















THE
END

PORN STARS (continued from page 41)

"You start by inserting a pinkie, then a thumb. Get it good, wet and ready . . . then you insert the fire hydrant!"

how to do it. I told them to bend forward as far as they could and have a good friend drop a two-ton weight on their backs. It works every time.

HUSTLER: Speaking of kink, Ron, you got a blowjob from a postoperative transsexual in *Sulka's Wedding*. Is that the most unusual thing you've ever done on film?

JEREMY: Not really. I was once involved in a picture that I think was called *Kneel Before Me*. There's a scene in which this one guy is hanging upside down and urinating on himself. Another guy is getting a dildo up his asshole, and all the while I'm having sex with two girls. All of a sudden the urine from the guy who's hanging splats on my foot. It took me an hour and a half to get my erection back.

HUSTLER: Well, that's showbiz.

MAI LIN: I beat Ronnie with a black dildo one time during a still shooting. That's pretty kinky, wouldn't you say?

HUSTLER: It depends on where you were beating him. Are either of you into butt-fucking?

MAI LIN: Oh, don't remind me of that. I almost died from being fucked in the ass.

JEREMY: Yeah. That *romantic* John

Holmes—he stuck it up there and blew a hole in your rearend. It took 20 surgeons to fix that up.

MAI LIN: Let's not exaggerate. Actually, I was doing anal with a personal friend one time and tore myself. It didn't hurt at all at first. But for more than a week I kept bleeding. Around the tenth day I said to myself, *I better get this checked out*. The doctor fixed me up, but it took me three years to fully recuperate. Even now it still hurts when I get fucked in the ass. I'll never forget the doctor telling me that I'd better be careful because next time I could *kill* myself.

JEREMY: She's right. Anal has to be done carefully. You start by inserting a pinkie, then a thumb. Get it good, wet and ready . . . then you insert the fire hydrant!

HUSTLER: Who are the best ass-fucks in the porn business, Ron?

JEREMY: Misty Dawn is very good. So is Crystal Dawn. But my personal favorite is Janey Robbins. She really gets into it. And when the *girl* is into it, *I* can get into it. It's a mental thing. It's like you hear this voice saying to you, "Beware: This is the asshole, the bad zone. This is an evil place,

and you're not supposed to be here. It's sodomy, you lowlife." Well, I think "forbiddenness" makes it all the more exciting. The girl starts to moan and groan and get off, and I've got my hand on her pussy while I'm shoving my big dick into her tight butt. We're both enjoying it, and I'm going as deep as I can. She jerks back and forth and moves her muscles, and there's no turning back. That's hot!

HUSTLER: You've never fucked Mai Lin in the ass, have you?

JEREMY: No, but I've fucked her big pussy.

HUSTLER: Level with us, Ron. How big is her pussy?

JEREMY: It's so big, I have to put a board across my ass so I don't fall in.

MAI LIN: Hey, I'm not as big as a whale, but I *have* fucked John Holmes a lot. That's liable to stretch out *any* vagina.

HUSTLER: Do you like big pussies, Ron?

JEREMY: You bet I do. A lot of guys say they like it nice and tight. I say, "Fuck that!" What do you need it tight for? If a girl knows how to use her muscles down there, it feels just as good.

HUSTLER: What else do you like in a woman?

JEREMY: A little bit of intelligence, a nice body, a decent personality . . . a girl I can take to dinner, to a movie—and then to my place where we can fuck like bunnies.

HUSTLER: Do you expect the same things in a man, Mai Lin?

MAI LIN: Pretty much. And I like small cocks too. Of course I like Ron's big dick as well, but that's not for everyday use. He's good for once in a while, but his size is just too painful for a lot of fucking.

HUSTLER: But someone as promiscuous as you are must come in contact with all sizes of cocks.

MAI LIN: I'm not that promiscuous.

JEREMY: Now, *that's* a joke. Why don't you tell the eager **HUSTLER** readers about the fish store you worked in as a young girl.

HUSTLER: Fish store?

JEREMY: Yeah. She had a tropical-fish store, and on slow days she'd let guys—I mean, total strangers—dork her behind the counter.

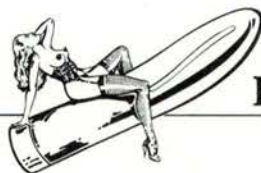
MAI LIN: That's true. When there was no one in the store and it was a hot day, I got bored. And when I get bored, I usually get horny. So during the summer I'd wear a short dress with no underwear, and I'd lift my legs up on the counter while the customer was talking to me. I'd let him start to play with my pussy, and before you knew it, we were fucking—right there in the store. It was great.

HUSTLER: How did you get started in fuck films?

MAI LIN: I saw some home movies my brothers had. I thought at first they were

(continued on page 154)





SEXUAL FASCISM

It has long been understood that sexual repression is the source of many human neuroses. To control a person's sexuality is to control his mind, or as former Nixon White House aide Chuck Colson was fond of saying, "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow." The most surefire way to maintain authority over human beings, in fact, is by monitoring and controlling their sexuality through repressive laws, censorship and in extreme cases absolute power over when and with whom they should have sexual relations.

It's no surprise then that the most extreme forms of sexual control have occurred in social groups in which power is most centralized and behavior standards are the most rigid—in cult religions. Within groups like Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church and Jim Jones's Peoples Temple sexual control by the leader over his followers has been absolute. In the case of the Moonies, sexual control and manipulation is actually used in

order to seduce unsuspecting individuals into the fold.

Moon's followers apply a technique they call "love bombing" as a form of brainwashing. In recruiting prospective Moonies, cult members give them excessive physical attention—stroking them, touching them—while they drone on and on about how Moon is the true Messiah. Future Moonies come to associate this kind of pleasurable physical experience with the fact of Moon's supremacy. Then, once these people are "hooked," the real philosophy behind the Unification Church is revealed—that the central sin of Moon's followers is "unendorsed sexual activity of any kind"—which means any kind of sexual activity that doesn't have Moon's specific approval. According to Moon, if his followers do have any type of sex without his per-



BY JEFFREY RESSNER

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

mission, they are doomed to hell. Thus these people are snared in a web of sexual guilt that binds them to their leader.

It's clear that Moon—whose activities have been linked closely to the Korean CIA—is aware of the awesome power of sexual repression. He tells his followers that unapproved sexual expression is a worse sin than murder and that they must value their celibacy more than their lives. Moon chooses the mates with whom members will spend the rest of their lives, and he occasionally conducts massive marriage ceremonies for hundreds and even thousands of followers at a time. But even married Moonies are sometimes required to remain celibate for years. As psychologists have long recognized, it is this strictly enforced celibacy and deep sense of sexual guilt that bring on the state of mental illness necessary to give up one's identity and become a willing follower of any self-appointed Messiah.

Jim Jones, whose Peoples Temple met with tragedy in a mass suicide at Jonestown, Guyana, several years ago, was also well aware of the power of sexual control. According to Tim Reiterman and John Jacobs, authors of *Raven*, a Jones biography, Jones was a "student of sex." Jones recognized sex as "a primal force closely tied to the will to survive," they say. "Sex, like hunger or the need to sleep, could be channeled and controlled . . . [He] used sex to tie people to the group. Like a matinee idol or some politicians, he promoted himself as the ultimate sex object, dispensing favors to an adoring following, drinking up their adulation. . . . In a time of free love and women's liberation he preached the sharing of love, encouraging his members to share sexual favors freely. . . . By violating these old taboos, people morally compromised themselves.

Jones had disoriented them. . . . And he had seized control of a powerful force in their lives."

Under his guidance, members of the Peoples Temple were forced to admit publicly to any homosexual relations they had had in the past. Wives were made to stand up and complain to the flock about their husbands' inadequacies in the bedroom. Eventually, Jones ruled that there would be no more sex between cult members unless he was personally involved.

The most bizarre evidence of Jones's sexual control over his brethren is revealed by the way he occasionally disciplined his male followers—by forcibly raping them. In a letter one of Jones's disciples wrote to him after just such an episode, the emotional aftereffects of this kind of forced sexual action are clear:

"I felt that when you related to me," the follower wrote, "you were doing so to serve me without being condescending at all. Your choice of words, your warmth and tenderness made me feel that you deeply loved me. Your fucking me in the ass was, as I see it now, necessary to get me to deal with my deep-seated repression against my homosexuality. I have at times felt resentment at being fucked even though I knew your motives were utterly pure. . . . I did find being fucked in the ass pleasurable, but I felt so 'unnatural' about it that the fear outweighed it. . . . I know

beyond a doubt that you are the very best sexual partner in the world, and I don't think I've ever thought I could really compete with you."

The main tragedy behind Jones's actions, though, is that he was clearly showing signs of bizarre sexual behavior long before Jonestown and that they went unnoticed. In 1973 he was arrested for lewd conduct after he exposed himself and jerked off in front of two vice-squad officers in a Los Angeles adult theater. Had the public been made aware of Jones's illness at the time, perhaps more attention would have been focused on the strange goings-on inside his cult—and perhaps the terrible tragedy at Guyana could have been averted.

But the concept that these groups use such extreme methods of sexual repression to keep their followers in line isn't surprising—after all, cult religions are a tiny, bizarre minority of which most of us are understandably suspicious. What is startling is the fact that the leaders of these cults probably learned the techniques of mind control through sexual repression from larger, more mainstream religious organizations.

Certainly the Roman Catholic Church—with its repressive sexual taboos and rules against masturbation, adultery, fornication and homosexuality—has controlled its followers through guilt for thousands of

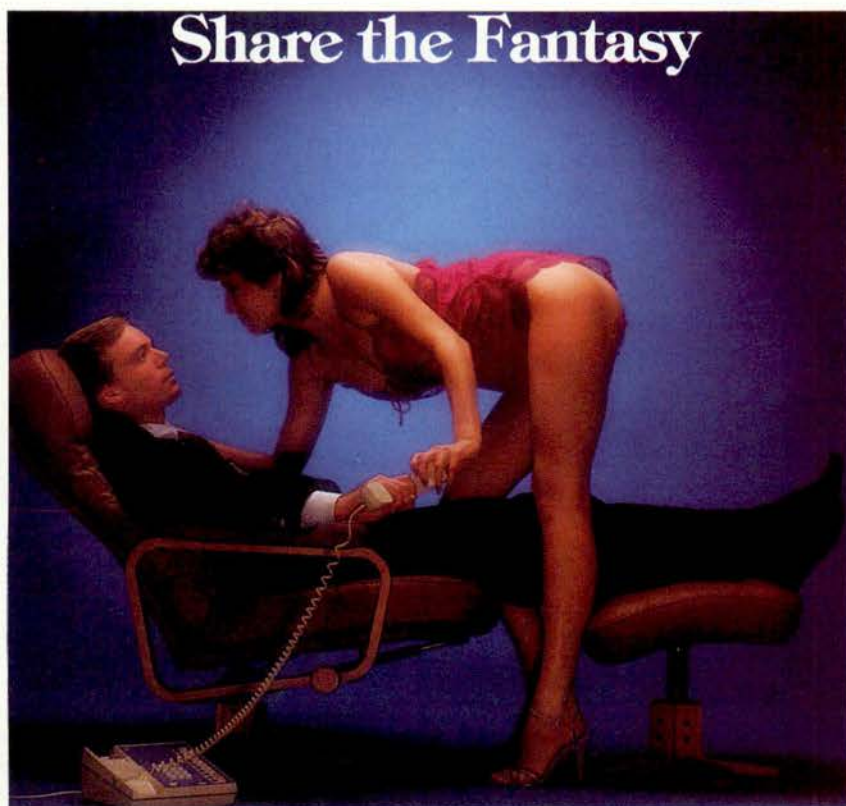
years. As R. F. Trewett wrote in *The Church and Sex*: "Intercourse outside of marriage attacks the divine plan, jeopardizes the work of redemption and prostitutes the woman or man involved to ends other than those which, as persons made and redeemed by God, they are destined to fulfill. The Christian cannot accept the view that man is only a superior animal . . . whose sexuality may be used as he thinks fit and for whatever purpose his fancy, whim or hunger for pleasure dictates."

But organized religions aren't the only groups guilty of this kind of sexual control. The biggest and most persistent offender in this category is government—the U.S. government as well as others. Just as with religions, the more centralized and fascistic the organization, the more fanatic the sexual restraints.

Sexual activity in Nazi Germany, for example, was carefully regulated by the Fuehrer himself. According to former Hitler Youth member Alfons Heck, all sexual activity was carefully directed toward the production of more purebred Aryan stock for the fatherland. "Promiscuity was encouraged among attractive, blond, fair-skinned youths," Heck says. "Studs were selected from the elite troops to impregnate their female counterparts, and there were even state-supported breeding farms where young Nazis could meet and mate with no emotional commitments or expectations."

Even our own government imposes some kinds of sexual restrictions. Although many repressive laws have been repealed over the past decade, more remain in effect. Oral sex, sodomy and several other sexual pastimes are illegal in many states, while homosexuals are ruthlessly discriminated against all over the country. Sexual intercourse between consenting, unmarried adults is still a crime in Florida, Idaho, Illinois, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming and both Carolinas. While these "blue laws" are infrequently enforced or are treated lightly by authorities, the fact that they remain on the books proves how our government has tried to control the most private activities of its citizens. Another form of proof is in the long history of persecution that crusaders for sexual freedom have received at the government's hands.

The reason the battle against sexual repression is so important, therefore, is not simply because we deserve the freedom to do what feels good. As Timothy Leary put it in the March '84 *HUSTLER* (*Guest Editorial*, "The Joy of Pornography"), "If you let Big Brother dictate your sex life, you can be sure that his uniformed thugs will suppress your other freedoms, political and economic." 🍌



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MAIL - ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write *Mail-Order Feedback*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Doug Oliver

HOT TIPS:

Although there are a lot of shady advertisers out there, a large percentage of the complaints we handle are due to customer error rather than dealer negligence or ripoff. Here are some tips that will speed your orders and help you survive in the mail-order jungle:

1. Make your order legible. You may have gotten A's in penmanship in grade school, but those days are long gone—or should be. Just because you can read your handwriting doesn't mean that others can. Print or type all orders.

2. Make sure your address is correct—and always use Zip codes!

3. Don't send cash—even if (especially if) the advertiser urges you to. (All right, you can slip a buck into an envelope for a catalog, but if you send more than that, you're inviting trouble.) People seem to be able to smell money in the mail; so don't tempt fate. Take the time to get a money order if you don't use a check or credit card.

4. Record the address of the company you ordered from. Believe it or not, people frequently forget who they ordered merchandise from and then don't know where to write if they have a question. Solve this by jotting down the company's

address on the back of your check. This won't interfere with the endorsement, and when your canceled check is returned, you'll have the company's name on the front and its address on the back. If you use a money order, fill out your receipt before you send it.

5. Allow time for delivery. It's not uncommon for some firms to deliver in two weeks, but it's more likely that your order will take somewhat longer. Remember, there are a lot of steps your package must go through before you receive it, and the mail is just one. But no order should take more than eight weeks.

6. Follow instructions on order forms. Use the company's order forms and envelopes if they're available; they're often computer-coded to speed up your delivery. Make sure you include all necessary postage and handling fees.

7. Keep records of your correspondence. Photocopy all letters, checks, money orders, credit-card billing slips, delivery receipts, etc., that you accumulate while dealing with a company.

8. Return merchandise properly. If you receive incorrect merchandise, return the parcel by certified or registered mail. Always include an explanation of why you're making the return. Pack the merchandise securely. If it gets damaged while being sent back to the company, you may have to absorb the loss.

SOLID PLEASURE?

I'm tempted by the low (\$3.95) price of the "solid pleasure" sex doll advertised by The Doll House (P.O. Box 480638, Los Angeles, CA 90048), but my instinct tells me there's something fishy about this offer. What will I be getting for my money if I send away for this doll?

—L. M.

Houston, Texas

If you have a sense of humor, you'll get a good laugh; otherwise you might feel a bit ridiculous. Anyone who expects to receive a three-dimensional "bedable" love doll for \$3.95 ought to have his head examined. Here's what L. M. will get if he sends for this doll: a poor-quality black-

and-white poster of a sexy girl and an inflatable plastic doughnut-shaped pillow he can blow up and thrust his dick into. L. M. would have a better time with a *HUSTLER* centerfold and his hand.

SUPER SUZE:

I have a rather impressive collection of 8mm loops but have recently opted for videotapes. My favorite reels—bar none—are the Suze's Centerfolds titles, and I believe I own every one. However, I'm having a difficult time finding Suze on videotape. Can you help? —O. L.

Carson City, Nevada

The talented erotic cameralady Suze Randall has spent her entire adult life shooting some of the hottest still and motion-picture nude photography around. (Her layouts have appeared countless times in *HUSTLER*.) And recently she's put eight of her most sizzling 15-minute loops onto one two-hour videocassette titled *Suze's Centerfolds #5 and #6*. This lengthy sojourn into hard-core pulse-and-passion is available for an incredibly low \$49.95 plus \$4 shipping and handling per order from *Newave* (P.O. Box 66245, Los Angeles, CA 90066). The tape—featuring such rod-raising porn starlets as Kelly Nichols and Cara Lott—is only available through mail order and is a must for any collector or connoisseur of X-rated fare.

GOURMET SEX:

Add some spice to your sex life with either *The Man's Gourmet Sexbook* or *The Woman's Gourmet Sexbook*—or both. Though they may sound as if they're nude romps through the kitchen, these volumes—subtitled "An Illustrated Day-to-Day Guide to Supersex"—contain hundreds of suggestions to make sex even more exciting: different positions, variations on techniques and thrilling sex games. With a different sexual adventure for every day of the year, by the time you try them all, you'll either be a true sexual gourmet or totally exhausted. The books are available for \$9.95 each or \$15 for both. Order from *Avalon Products* (P.O. Box 5456, North Hollywood, CA 91616). Bon appetit! 🍴

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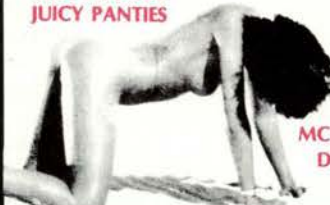
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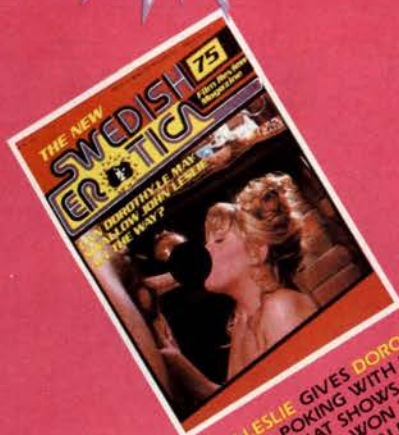


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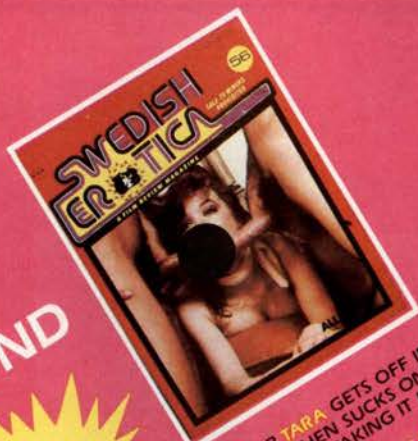
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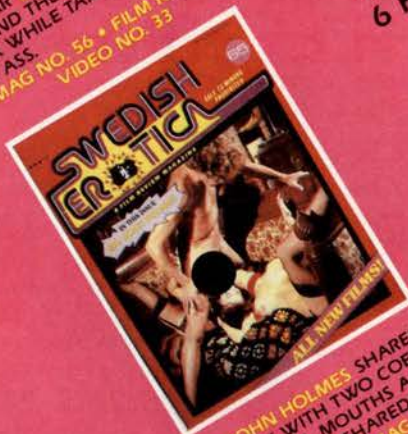
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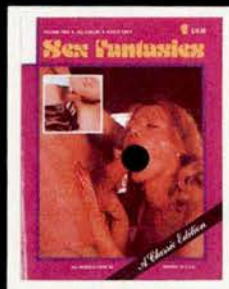
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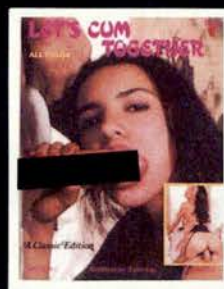
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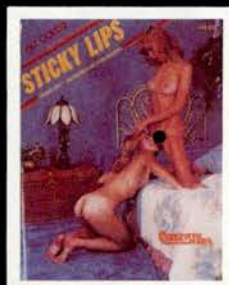
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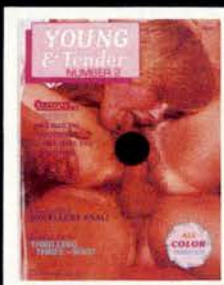
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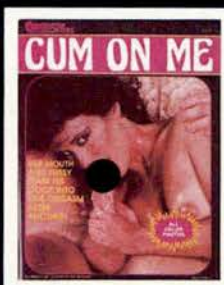
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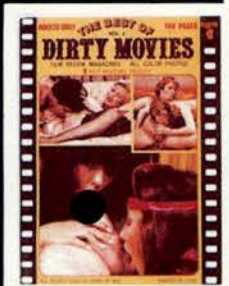
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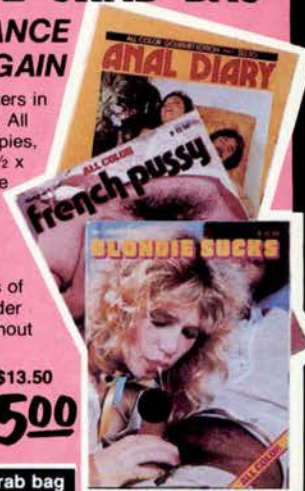
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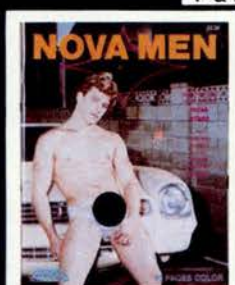
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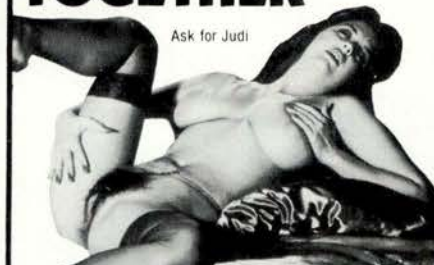


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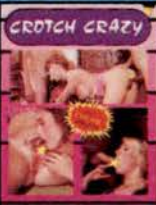
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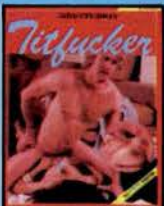
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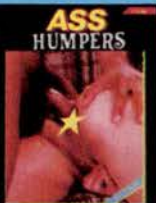
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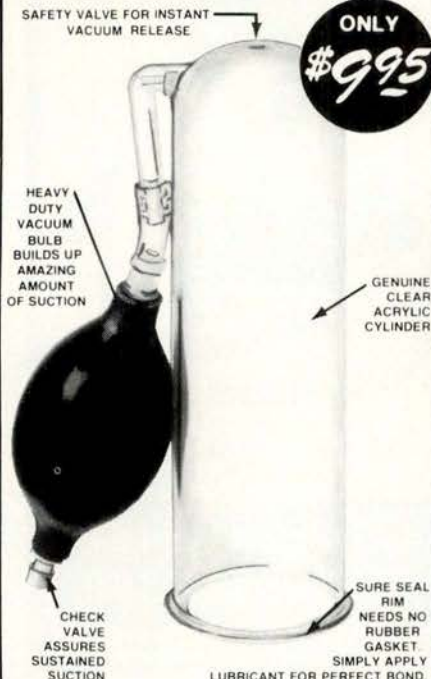
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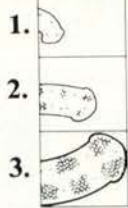
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PORN STARS

(continued from page 132)

going to show me some family films, but then I saw people *fucking* each other on the screen. It kind of shocked me at first, but I thought for a moment and said, "Wouldn't it be wild to have a picture of *me* fucking?" You know, something to show my children and grandchildren. This was way before I got into the X-rated-film business. I was about 18. Anyway, I met a friend who told me how I could get into an 8mm film—a loop—and get paid \$50 on top of it. I did four films in one week and had so much fun that I just couldn't wait to do more.

HUSTLER: What about you, Ron?

JEREMY: I got started while looking for straight work in New York. After I graduated with my master's degree in special education from Queens College, I was approached by a guy who sent me out on all kinds of job interviews. One was with Joe Sarno, who asked me to be in a film called *Tigresses*. Actually, he asked my *dick* to be in the film; that's all you see. I figured they'd give me some dialogue, since I was a trained actor with a B.A. in theater and a master's degree. But *no-o-o!* All I was in this picture was a squirting dick that Samantha Fox sits on. You never see my face. That was my illustrious entrance into adult films.

HUSTLER: Do either of you remember your first sexual experience *offscreen*?

MAI LIN: I can't. I've had so many guys since—over a thousand, I'd guess—that it's all like a distant blur. I think, though, it was so bad, I don't want to remember it.

JEREMY: My first experience was much more memorable. In fact, the story's kind of cute. I was in junior high school, and I had a crush on this little dolly named Marge. My parents were always home when I was a kid, and Marge's parents were too. We needed a place to mess around; so one night we broke into a kindergarten classroom in Little Neck, New York. And right there on the classroom floor is where little Ronnie got his first piece. We'd just seen a porn flick, and I was talking dirty to her like in the film. I said, "Suck my dick, bitch," and she replied, "Eat me out, baby." It was marvelous.

HUSTLER: Do you like it, Mai Lin, when a man talks dirty while he's fucking you?

JEREMY: She couldn't hear him even if he was. I mean, this is one noisy lover.

MAI LIN: Ronnie's right. Once we were getting it on in a hotel room the night after a long day of shooting. We had to shoot again early the next day, and I was keeping everyone in the hotel awake.

JEREMY: I was giving her a back rub. It was very late, and the crew members were all sleeping. Of course, once I start rubbing a back, I can't just stop there. I see

this cute little body under me that's beginning to writhe each time I touch it. The flesh is moving like soft pudding. All of a sudden this huge erection pops up, and I say, "Fuck this shit—let's *do* it." I slip it right in her, and she lets out an "ahhh" that could wake the dead. I know the crew will get annoyed if they hear us fucking off-camera, because we have a scene to do together in the morning. So I'm saying, "Mai Lin, you've got to keep quiet." But you have to understand that keeping Mai Lin quiet is like trying to turn the Pope Jewish. It can't be done. As it turned out, they canceled the scene the next day. But that was okay; we got enough that night.

HUSTLER: Considering the fact that you two have done just about everything sexual imaginable, is it possible you have any unfulfilled erotic fantasies?

JEREMY: Sure. I'd like to do a hang-gliding scene in an X-rated film. I see this great shot of me standing on a hill with my dick sticking straight out, hard as a rock. Then I take off and start gliding downward. There's this gorgeous girl at the bottom of the hill pointing her little butt right at me. The master shot would look as if I'm going to dive right into her ass at top speed. But the final shot would cut to a camera zoom of my dick making a safe rear-entry landing right smack in the middle of her pussy. I'd like to see James Bond do something like that.

MAI LIN: My fantasy is a bit tamer. I'd like to do an erotic ballet or jazz routine—but hard-core, with lots of smoke. . . .


JEREMY: So you can cough and come at the same time?

MAI LIN: No, dry ice or something, but really hard-core. I want to be in the middle getting fucked by a bunch of studs, all the while continuing the erotic dance.


HUSTLER: In certain segments of society porn stars such as yourselves are considered to be not only sleazy, immoral sinners, but also threats to traditional American family values. What's your reaction to this sort of criticism?

JEREMY: If you're talking about the views of Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority, they're full of crap. And they're by no means the "majority," by the way. Frankly, I don't understand why they aren't *for* us, since they're the ones who believe there's too much sex and violence on television—in full view of the children. If the Moral Majority had any brains, they would want to help keep adult material where it belongs—in *HUSTLER* Magazine, in X-rated movie theaters and in home videotape machines parents can keep an eye on. What we do is clearly labeled "for adults only." If you're not an adult, you can't see it or buy it. Our industry doesn't advertise to the public. You have to be 21 to walk into an adult-book store to buy a hard-core magazine. It's really the most


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MAI LIN: What you're talking about is freedom of choice. I respect the right of Moral Majority members to think and do and watch what they want. But nobody has the right to tell me how to think or act.

JEREMY: I don't care if Jerry Falwell doesn't watch my movies. I don't watch him expound his thoughts on TV. But obviously there are people who watch my films and his TV shows. Great! That's the individual's choice. If the Moral Majority can't see that, they should shut up and get lost. What these characters should be doing is trying to keep TV clean and at the same time give people a choice of what they can watch. If you look at TV now, what do you see? Sex, violence... all the suggestive situation comedies with their bouncing boobs. Hey, who's the hypocrite now?

HUSTLER: It's not just the Moral Majority though. There are people in this country who consider what you're doing prostitution and pandering. Do either of you ever feel like whores?

MAI LIN: Even if I did feel like a whore—which I don't—prostitution is not immoral to my way of thinking. It's a profession that benefits both parties involved, and as long as you're not hurting anybody and the person you're with desires your services, there's nothing wrong with it.

JEREMY: If you look at it technically, I'm

getting paid to fuck a particular person in a particular situation. I know I must get an erection and perform for my partner. In that respect I am involved in kind of a stud service and hence *could* be considered a type of prostitute. But here comes the difference: When you're a prostitute, you've only got one person to please—your john. In an adult film you're in front of a camera and have to please not only your partner, but your director, your crew and, most important, your audience. For that reason being a porn performer is more of an acting profession than a sexual profession. And acting professionals like myself can get it up, come, lick, suck or burp on cue. I'm an actor *and* a professional.

HUSTLER: Then you consider yourselves entertainers?

MAI LIN: Yes, but *acting* entertainers. You see, prostitutes are entertainers too; they entertain *one* person. Like Ronnie said, we entertain an audience.

JEREMY: Hey, an X-rated-film maker doesn't hire a girl for a picture because she's a great prostitute—or even a great fuck, for that matter. He hires her because she looks good onscreen—period.

HUSTLER: If adult-film performers are professional entertainers, then why is the caliber of acting so poor in porn?

JEREMY: I don't think it is. Actors like John Leslie and Jamie Gillis could hold

their own in any legitimate film today.

HUSTLER: What about the actresses? You have to admit that adult films are predominantly saturated with bimbos.

JEREMY: That's true. But ladies like Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart, Jessie St. James, Georgina Spelvin... they can act. And they're the ones who last for a few years. The bimbos—as important as they are to porn—don't last. Once you've seen a girl fuck and suck and eat and beat and stick and lick, that's it! She has to be able to act and change her character from film to film, or she won't be around too long. The ones who last in this business are the ones who are professional and can act well.

MAI LIN: There's also the aspect of training. In a porn film the budget is so low that you only have one or two takes to make your character look believable. In a legitimate film one scene could take two or three weeks to shoot. That gives the performer a lot more time to sharpen his or her character.

JEREMY: Not to mention the fact that a porn movie still has to sell sex, and more often than not, story and acting have to be sacrificed for that. It's the way things are in this business. That's the bottom line.

HUSTLER: Along with the sex must come inevitable "occupational hazards." Do adult-film performers contract more than their share of venereal diseases?

JEREMY: Not really. I've been in this business a long time, and I've had sex probably ten times more than the average guy. Yet the only time I've had VD was when I caught gonorrhea from a teacher I was dating in college. I've been completely clean since I began acting in adult films.

MAI LIN: I haven't gotten anything from another actor either. But I do catch things from people who aren't in the business. I guess because the nature of our work is so sexual, we're just more conscious—and careful—about cleanliness and our bodies.

HUSTLER: Then you two *aren't* as sleazy as everyone thinks.

JEREMY: Hell, no. The public just loves to put down very sexually active people. It's a sick attitude Americans have. And it's also hypocritical because they're the same public who are viewing and buying X-rated films and videotapes. Hey, there's a little swinger in all of us. Those who are stuck with one-on-one sexual relationships like to put us down because they're jealous of what we do openly—or admit we're doing. I'm a nice Jewish boy from New York. I belong to a good health-insurance plan. I get checked out every month at my local medical clinic... and I have a factory-approved dick!

MAI LIN: Same with my pussy! Chinese-housekeeping-seal-of-approval pussy.

JEREMY: Seal-of-approval *slanted* pussy.

MAI LIN: Very funny, elephant dick!



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MAKING PIECE WITH GOD

The explosion ripped a hole through the wall of my cabin and sent me hurtling through it, out into the ocean. Wearing nothing but the pair of faded-blue boxer shorts I'd had on while I napped that afternoon, I hit the warm, azure water just as a second detonation rang in my ears. As pieces of debris rained down on me, I grabbed at a chunk of the captain's desk that landed nearby, clinging to it as if it were a life preserver. A scrap of black cloth floated by, and I shuddered. We had been carrying nuns on an afternoon sightseeing excursion.

The current began to sweep me farther out to sea. We'd been somewhere off the coast of Florida before we'd gone down, but I had no idea exactly where—the captain usually took care of particulars like that. I was obliged to entertain the tourists who hired out the pleasure boat, nothing more. Letting the warm Caribbean water wash over me, I prayed silently for my life.

About an hour later my prayer was answered: Out of the gray cloud of smoke that cloaked the sinking ship like a blanket, a lifeboat appeared. I screamed at the top of my lungs for help, and eventually the small craft steered toward me. As the lifeboat got closer, I noticed that its solitary oarsman was . . . a nun!

Sister Elissa helped pull me into the boat, and I lay on the bottom of it, shivering. She tried to soothe me but seemed hesitant about touching me; I was almost naked. Tears glistened in her eyes as she told me that we seemed to be the only survivors. She had rowed around for an hour looking for any other sisters who might still be alive, but there was no one.

The sun set, but fortunately for me it was a balmy evening. Otherwise I would have frozen. Sister Elissa tried to give me part of her habit to wear, but it was soaking wet. When I sug-



BY LELAND ERICKSEN

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gested that she should take it off and let it dry, she only glared at me. I told her that her vows probably didn't include dying from exposure, but she vacantly answered that we'd probably both die and that it didn't really matter. I shrugged and curled up in the bottom of the boat, trying to sleep. All through the night I heard Sister Elissa quietly praying to herself, her rosary beads clicking in the darkness.

The next morning crawled by in a blur. Periodically I rowed eastward (or what I thought was eastward) in hopes of coming across one of the small islands in the Keys. With no food and no water I was exhausted by early afternoon. Sister Elissa had stopped praying and sat like a statue, staring at the horizon. I tried talking to her, but she ignored me. As I drifted off to sleep that evening, the last thing I saw was her lovely silhouette against the stars. She had taken her headpiece off, and her long, auburn hair was floating behind her in the night breeze.

When I awoke the following morning, I noticed three things: (1) My mouth was stuck closed as if it were filled with cement; (2) I had a rather large erection con-

sidering the weakened state I was in; and (3) Sister Elissa was gently holding my hand and stroking it, staring down at my body. She looked as if she'd been crying all night. Reflexively, I took her in my arms, and she buried her head on my shoulder. "We're going to die," she chanted over and over again.

Her faith seemed to dissolve as she came to the conclusion that God had forsaken her, drowned all her sister nuns and left her to starve in the middle of the ocean. At first she was hysterical with grief; then something seemed to snap in her. She became angry and determined, almost insanely so. "If God has forsaken me," she cried, "then I will forsake Him!" After that

she demanded that I make love to her.

I brushed my hand against her cheek, and she was silent again. Her fingers moved across my back, exploring a man's body for the first time. They probed my muscles and even hesitantly discovered the tight crack of my ass.

I tentatively began unraveling her cocoon of cloth; I never realized nuns wore so many undergarments. There were corsets and stays and pins and snaps—and beneath them a pair of large, firm, ivory breasts. Elissa was silent as I bent my head to quickly lick each nipple. When I gently sucked on one, swirling my tongue around it, she pressed my head harder against her chest, and I complied, taking more of the soft globe into my mouth.

I slowly removed the rest of her outfit. Pale and a little soft and overweight, she seemed beautiful to me at that moment. I was trembling with desire and exhaustion. Elissa was still silent. I slid my underwear off, and she stared in disbelief at my hard-on; it was huge and red, and she'd never seen one before. I guided her fingers to the tip of my cock. She touched it and smiled. A drop of milky semen bubbled up and stuck to Elissa's fingertips.

I told her to taste it, and she shyly tested it with her tongue, grimacing at the bitter flavor. I pulled her head down to my crotch and brushed my penis across her face, sliding it over her cheeks and fore-

head. She liked the feel of it. Gently I pushed the tip of it between her lips, and she hesitantly opened them. The head of my cock found her mouth and nestled inside, and she began sucking it.

Ungracefully she tried to take more of it down her throat but wasn't able to. I placed her hands on the shaft and showed her how to pump it with long, tight movements. Elissa complied, stroking and sucking until I could bear it no longer.

I pulled out of her mouth, and she held my glistening penis between her hands as if she were praying, gently kissing the tip and smiling. I took her in my arms and lay her back on the bottom of the boat, gathering her discarded clothes and making a pillow for her head with them. She clung to me as I slipped my hand between her beautiful legs, sliding it up the downy skin of her inner thighs and nestling it in the warm hollow of her pussy. Her cunt lips were dripping with juice. I smeared it over my fingers, tasted it and traced wet lines on her stomach.

Slowly I rubbed the tip of my forefinger up and down her crack, pressing on her clit as if it were an elevator button. She tried to stifle a moan. Her hole was very tight as I slid my finger in up to the knuckle. Gently I pushed in deeper, stretching Elissa's hymen enough to slip in a second finger and slide them both in and out.

Elissa wrapped her legs tightly around

my arm. The oarlock dug into my shoulder blade, but I ignored it. With a sharp shove I pushed my fingers in farther and felt her hymen tear. A trickle of blood ran down my hand. Elissa let out a gasp, her whole body tensing up, then relaxing.

Three fingers slid into her vagina, and she began to squirm. My palm brushed her clitoris as I slid my hand out, and another wave of juice poured from her.


I lay down on top of her and asked her how she felt. She just purred. I was still rock-hard; so I eased her legs apart, resting my weight on my elbows and propping her feet up on the oars. The head of my cock brushed against her pussy lips, sending a tremor up my spine. I wanted to bury myself up to the hilt in one thrust, but I was afraid I might hurt her. So I gently nudged in the tip an inch and waited—then another inch, then another, until Elissa finally grabbed my ass and pushed. She wedged her hips underneath me, and we bucked against each other as I drove my cock deep into her pussy.

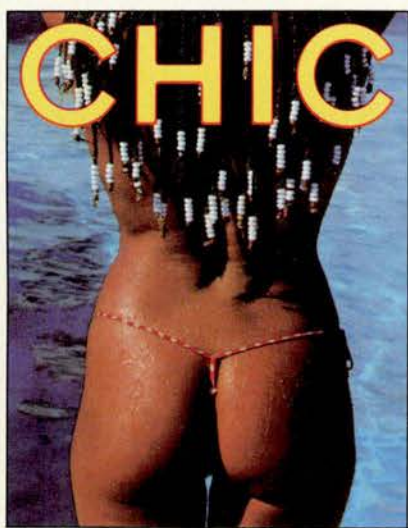
Our boat began bobbing up and down in the water as I pounded away at her even harder. She began screaming and coming over and over again. Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably, and she was howling like an animal while I rammed my cock into her.

With a groan that racked my entire body, I came, shooting gouts of sperm into her dripping cunt. For a moment I blacked out. When I awoke, Elissa was lying silently underneath me, unconscious. When I dabbed her lips with some saltwater, she revived, but she barely had enough energy to keep her eyes open. I held her head in my hands and felt her soft breath on my palms; we fell asleep in each other's arms.

The sun rose slowly the next morning as I awakened. Elissa's face was cold in my hands, and there was a serene smile on her lips. I pressed my ear to her chest—her cold, hard nipple jutting against my ear—but there was no heartbeat. I peeled her eyelids back, but her expressionless eyes stared at me lifelessly. She was dead.

I held her body and wept the whole morning. Then with infinite care I dressed her in her habit, fastening every snap and buttoning every button until she looked as chaste as she had three days earlier when she'd first boarded with her fellow sisters. I kissed her on the forehead, made the sign of the cross above her body and gently slid her over the side of the boat.

Two days later a rescue boat picked me up. After I was taken to the hospital, there were all sorts of people there who asked me questions while I recovered. I could tell them very little—and I never told anyone about my night with Elissa. I wanted them all to think that she had died with her virtue intact. As far as I'm concerned, she had. 



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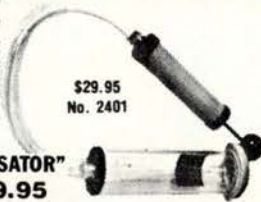
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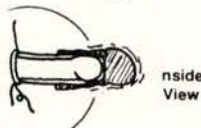
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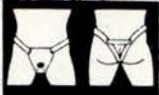
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JESSE JACKSON

(continued from page 110)

Operation PUSH 18 months earlier.

The Justice Department finally received a blunt reply in March 1982 stating that Jackson had received no financial benefits from either the Libyans or the Alabama oil company. Three months later the Justice Department asked what percentage of the fund-raiser's proceeds had come from the \$10,000 gift. Despite assurances of a prompt reply, the information still had not been received by the following October.

Jackson's attorneys told the Justice Department that the donation was an insignificant part of PUSH's funding for the year. "Unfortunately," one government memo noted, "Jackson's attorneys have neglected to provide any corroboration for this statement in spite of numerous promises, both oral and written, to do so."

Finally, on December 14, 1983, the Justice Department closed the case, claiming that the donation had amounted to one-fifth of the total profits from the fund-raiser and that it was only about 4% of the yearly operating budget.

What hasn't been explained is why it took more than three years for Jackson to cooperate with the government. While the record is unclear, some critics suspect that Jackson and Jimmy Carter's Justice Department were in no hurry to get to the bottom of the donation. The voters must decide whether Jackson was carefully sidestepping the issue and whether in accepting foreign money, he failed to adhere to the code of ethics demanded by American politics.

Yet another of Jackson's more controversial ties to the Arab League, an umbrella organization representing 21 Middle Eastern governments, has cost him both credibility and support. This group's leftist political bent has been demonstrated by its suspension of Egypt's membership in response to the 1979 Camp David peace accords with Israel.

Officials of Jackson's Operation PUSH have admitted that four years ago the Arab League made two donations totaling \$200,000 to the organization. Jackson insists there was nothing illegal about these gifts. He also claims that even though he was president of PUSH Inc. at the time he received them and that one of the two was the single largest gift in a five-year period, he was not in a position to know the source of the donations.

Reporters who have covered his campaign find this hard to believe. According to *New York Times* correspondent Ronald Smothers, such supposed ignorance "flies in the face of Jackson's long-established, often-irksome habit of making all decisions himself and directing as much as he

can without delegating real authority."

Jackson also insists that the donations to Operation PUSH have nothing to do with his political campaign. Yet he does have Arab support, which certainly has a direct effect on his campaign. A recent editorial in the quasi-official Saudi Arabian newspaper *Al-Jarirah* states that "Jackson must be supported . . . to give assurance to those who sympathize with the Arabs."

It is these ill-advised associations and irregularities that have kept key black politicians at a safe distance from the Jackson campaign. Both former Congressman Julian Bond and Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young have publicly stated that Jackson is politically "naive" and have predicted that he will earn insufficient votes to make a difference in the race for the Democratic nomination.

Before the Alabama primary last March a Jackson aide admitted that black leaders in the state had backed down from supporting his man. Most of them, like Birmingham Mayor Richard Arrington Jr., pledged their ballots to Mondale. Jackson was stunned when he heard Mondale split Alabama's huge black vote.

His sudden political rise has also caused resentment among longtime black Democratic Party stalwarts. "There is no way in hell I'm going to allow Jesse Jackson to negotiate a deal with the Democratic Party on the backs of people who have already paid their dues," said Clarence Mitchell III, head of the National Caucus of Black State Legislators. Echoing Mitchell, NAACP Political Director Joseph Madison said the Democrats will be making a big mistake if they bargain only with Jackson at the convention and leave other black leaders out in the cold.

Big-city mayors wielding power with huge blocks of black votes have split on supporting Jackson. Detroit's Coleman A. Young and Philadelphia's Wilson Goode back Mondale; Marion Barry, mayor of Washington, D.C., has been stumping for Jackson.

Hedging his endorsement until the eve of the Illinois primary, Chicago's Harold Washington found it hard to forget the night last November when Jackson turned up at his victory celebration shouting, "We want it all!" The outburst embarrassed Washington, who was trying to put together a black-white coalition in city government. Although Jackson was instrumental in helping him become Chicago's first black mayor, Washington was understandably peeved at Jackson's attempts to hog his spotlight.

Jackson has also had to face the problem of retaining the full minority spectrum in his Rainbow Coalition. Because of his Arab connections, Jewish leaders have been lukewarm to his candidacy—to say

the least. He lost any hope for major Jewish support even before the "Hymie" slur with statements made during the 1979 Middle East trip. "I am sick and tired of hearing about the Holocaust," Jackson said.

He later lashed out at Jewish leaders for allowing militant Jewish groups to "harass" his campaign. In mid-February he accused some of them of creating a "very negative and dangerous climate around my campaign. We're being hounded, pursued and persecuted." Outraged Jews had been gathering at Jackson rallies with signs that read, HYMIES AGAINST JACKSON and RUIN, JESSIE, RUIN.


Complaints that Jackson has ignored *their* minority have come from every color of the rainbow. "I don't think the campaign staff has embraced the rainbow idea as the candidate has embraced it," one Latino leader said charitably. Others, such as New Mexico Governor Tony Anaya, indicated they normally would have welcomed a Jackson candidacy, but they'd already been courted by Mondale when Jesse entered the race.

Still he managed to keep his candidacy alive, although reports from the front revealed a campaign in anarchy. Jackson had no advance workers scheduling events and no traveling press aide. Typically, the chartered plane he rode in was several hours late to each stop. Once, it landed at Chicago's Midway Airport while his motorcade waited miles away at O'Hare International Airport, and a number of appearances had to be scrapped because of the delay. Campaign workers just as often found themselves without food or motel rooms.

After receiving only 19% of the votes in the important Chicago primary, Jackson injected a new pretext to justify his ill-starred quest for the Presidency—claiming that white resistance to his candidacy was rooted in racism.

"It's not my fault that whites have developed over their history a lack of regard for the intelligence and hard work of black people," he declared. "The media reinforces the racial issue [by depicting blacks as] less intelligent . . . less hardworking . . . less patriotic and more violent."

This latest outburst would seem to confirm that Jackson knows he has no realistic chance of winning the nomination. But he hopes black votes cast for him will translate into bargaining clout with either Mondale or Gary Hart. How much that clout will buy remains to be seen.

Will it buy him respect? Will it buy him the Vice Presidential slot on the ticket? Or will it buy him nothing the Democrats weren't already offering to black voters when Jackson decided to add his volatile presence to the campaign? Most Americans, black and white, already know the answers to those questions. 

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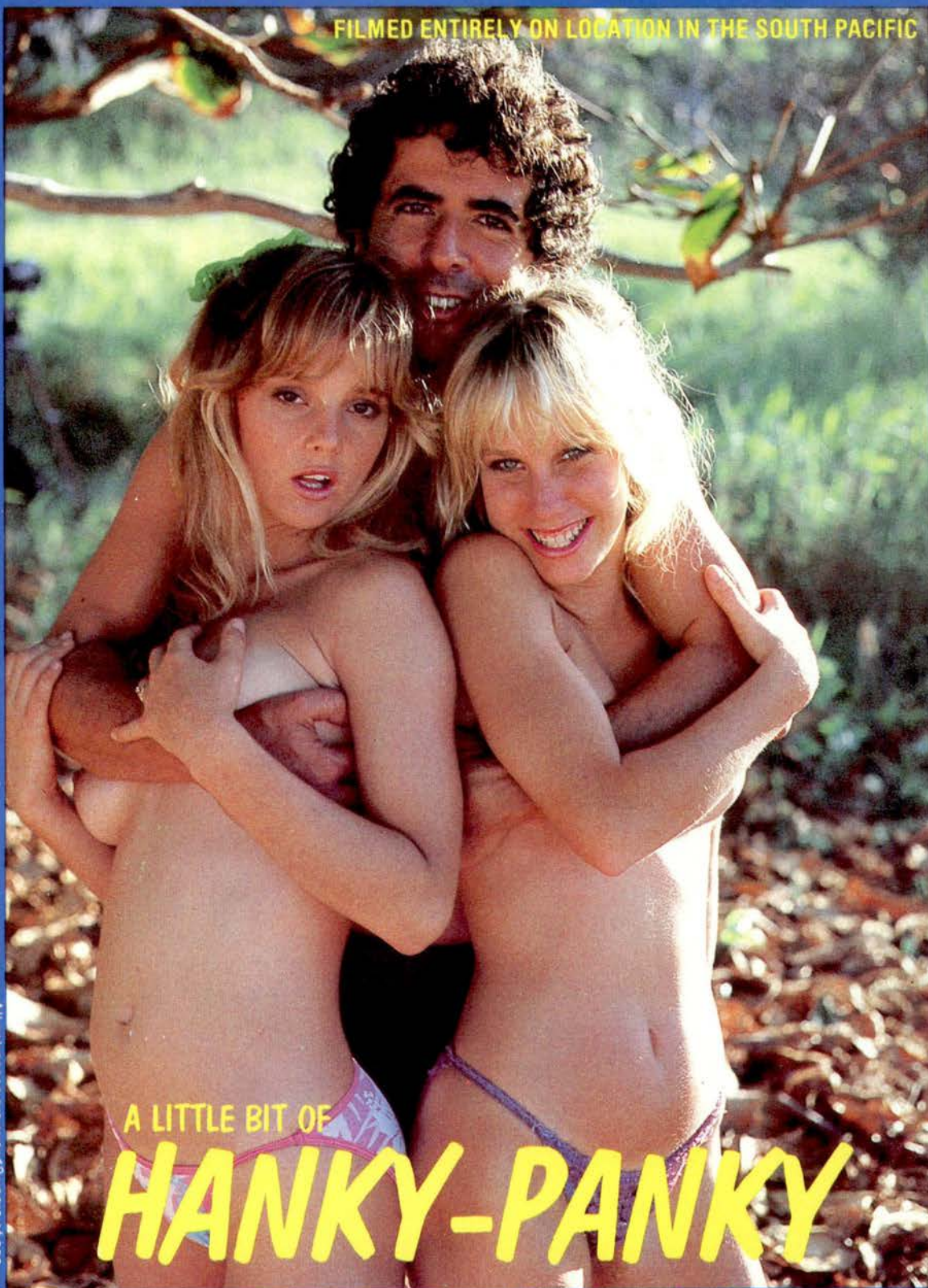
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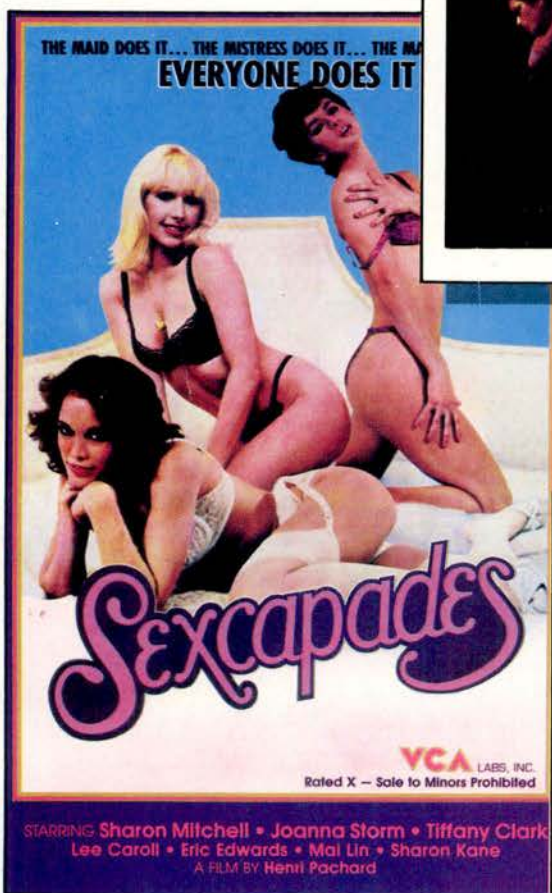
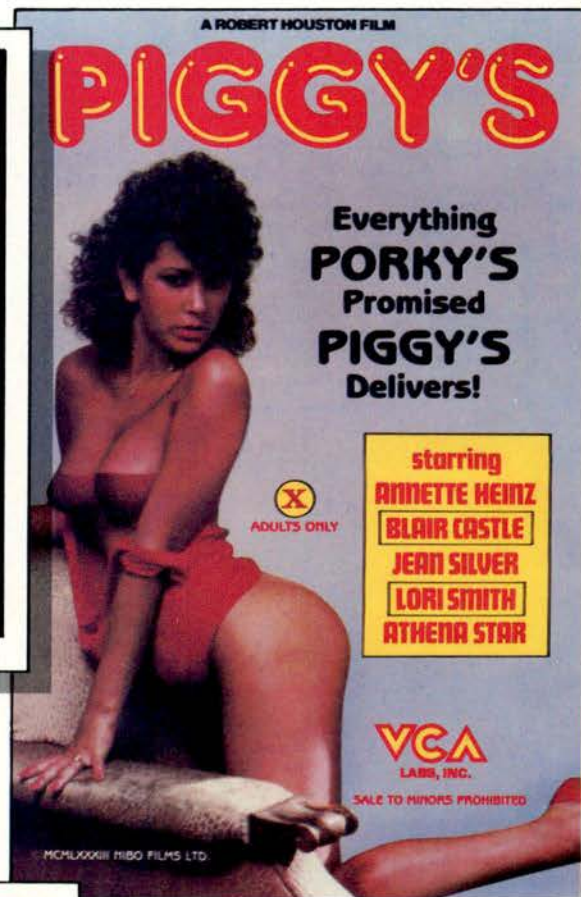
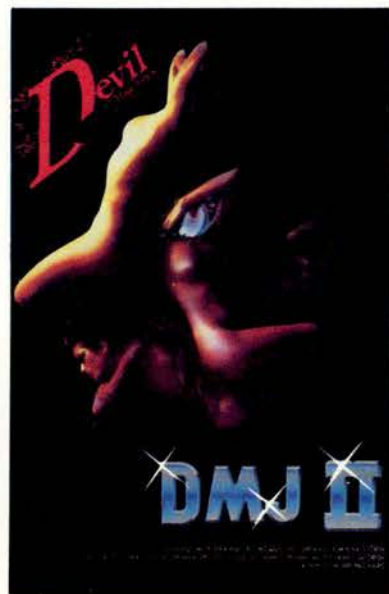


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